

75 CENTS

MARCH 24, 1975

TIME

Indochina

HOW MUCH
LONGER?



Mar. 18 1975

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The 32nd Annual Pictures-of-the-Year competition earned for TIME's graphics staff another in a lengthening list of awards—first prize for Best Magazine Use of Pictures. The competition, jointly sponsored by the University of Missouri School of Journalism and the National Press Photographers' Association assessed three issues of TIME published last year: our Man of the Year issue on King Faisal, with ten pages of color from the Middle East; "Inside the Brain" (Jan. 14, 1974), which included a color X-ray scan of a tumor on the brain; and the Aug. 19 issue, which photographically chronicled Gerald Ford's succession to the presidency. Judgments were based on layout and editing as well as quality of photography.

Two of our most triumphed photographers also won fresh kudos:

► Eddie Adams, whose Pulitzer Prize photo of a 1968 street execution in Saigon is perhaps the most haunting image of the Indochina War, was named Magazine Photographer of the Year in the Pictures-of-the-Year competition. Adams also won prizes for several individual pictures, including a portrait of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat (TIME, May 20) and a photo of straining carmen in a boat race in Abu Dhabi (TIME, Jan. 6).

► Ken Regan took first prize in news feature pictures from the World Press Photo competition in Amsterdam for his evocative glimpse of Ted Kennedy walking in Moscow with his arm around his son Teddy Jr. (TIME, Jan. 6). Kennedy reciprocated by snapping a shot of Regan with a grinning Leonid Brezhnev.

Credit for TIME's lively use of graphics is shared by Art Director David Merrill and Picture Editor John Durniak. Newsfound Durniak brings his tireless enthusiasm 15 hours a day to half a dozen tasks at once: arguing for more "cuts" in the magazine, urging extensive coverage of pictorially rich news events, phoning photographers halfway round the world to tell them that their exposure meters need adjustment. "Journalism starts with visual observation," Durniak says. "The eye is the mother of the brain."



DURNIAK

Ralph P. Davidson



PHOTOGRAPHS ADAMS & REGAN MUGGING WITH SUBJECTS SADAT & BREZHNEV

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MERCURY BOBCAT

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JAMES CAAN SERENADES A QUIESCENT BARBRA STREISAND IN *FUNNY LADY*

CINEMA

Blazing Tonsils

FUNNY LADY

Directed by HERBERT ROSS
Screenplay by JAY PRESSON ALLEN
and ARNOLD SCHULMAN

There is no getting around it: *Funny Lady* is kind of a kick.

It ought not to have been. The movie is a continuation of Barbra Streisand's first starring vehicle. Like *Funny Girl* (1968), *Funny Lady* is gaudy and inane. As before, the star cuts up and camps up a revamped biography of Fanny Brice, here and there belting out a tune as if the lyrics were marching orders. Streisand is still more the enthusiastic personality than dexterous actress. She changes costumes faster than moods, and usually tosses off her lines like a rich girl rummaging through a drawer full of last year's clothes.

None of this, as it happens, makes much difference. Neither does a script that draws its inspiration from every stage musical ever mounted, then defies you to care. What can one make of writing that calls for the leading lady to meet her leading man, survey him coolly as he rushes through his paces, and comment to a friend, "Bobby, this is a shrewd kid"? There are several possible reactions: get huffy, go with it, or be thankful she does not add "He'll go far." *Funny Lady* repeatedly invites all such responses. The good thing about the movie is the nervy way it proves that they are not mutually exclusive.

It may only be that Streisand has worn us down out of sheer volume and stubbornness, but she seems to have mellowed. She does not act quite so much

like the stepchild of Ethel Merman who spent summers with Mae West. When she does come on, James Caan is available to perform whatever deflation is necessary. Caan, who plays the flashy Broadway impresario Billy Rose to Streisand's Brice, stands up well under the painful effulgence of her superstardom. He is a scrappy actor, always looking for an opening, and he finds his full share of them—or makes them. Only Robert Redford in *The Way We Were* was so adept at keeping his balance. Redford did it by playing off Streisand and cooling her out. Caan goes straight at her, battling for every breath, every inch of screen space.

Ingratiating Delirium. If this cockfight between the stars lends the movie its feisty appeal, its wholehearted trafficking in musical clichés imparts an air of ingratiating delirium. There are the usual lavish numbers—including a reproduction of a Billy Rose Aquacade—staged with a satiric glint by Director Herbert Ross (*The Last of Sheila*). But the best tune in the show is a ballad (*I Love Again*), delivered quietly by Streisand as she stands with a song sheet over a piano. The writers have also supplied a fair number of punchy Broadway wisecracks. Says Caan, proposing to Streisand as he flashes a hulking ring: "I paid retail."

The plot, which matters less of all, has to do with Fanny Brice's later years after her separation from Nicky Arnstein, who did her so bad in the original. Omar Sharif, forever limpid, shows up again as the ne'er-do-well gambler who tries to tempt Fanny away from Billy, but she rejects him. The ending is an occasion for a few tears and a little

PUBLIC NOTICE

Coming your way... TIME's issue of July 4, 1776



THE ENEMY is off Manhattan. The British seize Staten Island and prepare to invade the Declaration. Near Wall Street, frenzied New Yorkers tear down George III's statue. And a delegate from Delaware gallops 80 miles through thunderstorms to Philadelphia to help make the Declaration of Independence unanimous.

These were some of the top stories in the first week of July 1776. They will also be among the top stories in a very unusual issue of TIME. In a special edition this spring to commemorate the Bicentennial, TIME will cover the events of that week, department by department, as if today's TIME had existed then.

Nation will report on Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration, as World examines European reaction to the Revolution.

Business is scheduled to report on colonial inflation, and The Sexes on whether women should vote. Books will review Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, while Music looks at the maturing Mozart. And there will be much more.

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TIME,

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CINEMA

heartbreak; we well know from all the funny ladies of movie history that happiness does not come with success. Only producers might think otherwise, and they keep it to themselves. ■ Joy Cocks

High Flying

THE GREAT WALDO PEPPER

Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL

Screenplay by WILLIAM GOLDMAN

Waldo Pepper is a young man who spends his brief life one step behind history, hurrying to catch up and never quite making it. The greatest natural flyer his World War I squadron leader ever saw, Waldo nevertheless came too late for the greatest days of aerial combat, particularly the chance to duel the German ace of aces, Ernst Kessler. Barnstorming in an aerial circus during the mid-'20s, he senses that the tide has once more turned against him. The aviation establishment is now interested in proving to the public that flying is a safe and reliable means of transportation, rather than in determining who will be the first nut to do an outside loop. Again. Smiling Waldo is too late with too much of the wrong kind of skill and spirit.

One must not think of Waldo (Robert Redford) as merely a daredevil, idly tempting fate. Rather, he is a distillation of the romantic attitude common among the first generation of aviators. Their feeling was that the suddenly accessible sky offered not just a beauty and a freedom the earthbound could never know, but a purifying simplicity as well. In those early days, there were well-known limits of performance against which one pressed, hoping through technique and aeronautical invention, to redefine them. There was also a direct correlation between talent and success (which could be defined simply as survival) that seemed unknown on the ground. A camaraderie grew among the handful of initiates in this new and glamorous mystery that was not to be found anywhere else either.

Dark Mood. The movie does not state this message directly. Instead, it sifts through a succession of exquisitely made thrill sequences. Early on, the mood is farcical: Waldo loosening the wheels of a rival barnstormer so that he must crash-land in a pond. Waldo disastrously trying to perfect the crowd-pleasing trick of transferring from moving car to low-flying plane by means of a suspended rope ladder.

Thereafter the mood darkens. A girl wing-walker literally dies of fright. A friend crashes while testing a new plane, and Waldo is permanently grounded for buzzing the crowd that gawks at the man's death by fire. In the end there is nothing left for Waldo but the ultimate commercialization of his love for his craft: stunt-flying in a Hollywood war movie. There, ironically, he finally gets his chance to fly against Kessler, and, by turning a fake dogfight into the real

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REDFORD AS WALDO PEPPER
Flamboyant gallantry.

thing, to pass into legend himself.

Waldo Pepper is a flamboyant movie, eminently satisfying just as a spectacle. What transforms it into something more is the authenticity that Director Hill, whose avocation is flying antique airplanes, brings to it. He is obviously paying tribute to a spirit of gallantry that he believes in and admires. Fortunately, he has communicated his earnestness to Writer Goldman, whose humor is tempered by uncharacteristic restraint, and to an excellent cast, among whom Bo Brundin as Kessler stands out. As for Redford, this is his best work since *Downhill Racer*. Appealingly awkward when trying to express his feeling for flying, he is in his most dashingly self-destructive mode when demonstrating the heights to which his passion drives him. All in all, *The Great Waldo Pepper* is a popular entertainment of a very high order.

■ Richard Schickel

Sad

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND
WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS
Directed by DENIS HEROUX
Screenplay by ERIC BLAU

In *One, Two, Three*, Billy Wilder's cold-war farce, Horst Bucholz was held captive by ruthless commissars intent on prying secret information out of him. He resisted, at least initially. Then the villains immured him in a room with a phonograph that kept playing over and over *It Was an Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini*. His will frayed, his sanity shot, Bucholz broke.

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris suggests a similar means of torture. Imagine being imprisoned for life inside one of those actively gloomy cabarets where the only entertainment is French popular music. Whatever the

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INSURGENT FIRE HITTING AMMUNITION DUMP AS PLANE LANDS AT PHNOM-PENH

TIME

MAY 10, 1975 VOL. 92, NO. 20

FOREIGN POLICY/COVER STORY

INDOCHINA: HOW MUCH LONGER?

"We have so much blood on our hands out there. Why do we thirst for more?"

—Idaho Democratic Senator Frank Church

"There was a cry for help in the dark of night, which I did not want to deny."

—New York Republican Senator Jacob Javits

Once united in their opposition to U.S. involvement in Indochina, the two Senators were now divided on whether to provide more American military aid to Cambodia. The split dramatized the agony among political leaders in Washington as battlefield events in the small nations of Cambodia and South Viet Nam once again troubled America's long-tortured conscience concerning its role in that distant part of the world. The persistent Khmer Rouge rebels seemed on the verge of final military success as they pinched the Cambodian capital of Phnom-Penh. Communist forces in South Viet Nam stepped up the fighting there to its most intense level since the Paris Peace Accords were supposed to have ended it all in 1973. The problem for the U.S. was what, if anything, it should or could do about either situation.

The debate in Washington was remarkably calm and reasoned, even though it revived the nation's receding emotions over its most distressing military entanglement. At issue were the Ford Administration's request to send \$222 million in additional military aid

to President Lon Nol's shaky Cambodian government and, less urgently, \$300 million in more arms to the less immediately endangered government of South Viet Nam's Nguyen Van Thieu.

For the moment, Gerald Ford was pressing his Cambodia request hardest, personally telephoning key Republican members of Congress. Only a few years ago, any such relatively trifling request for military funds in Indochina would have speeded through Congress with barely a whimper of protest. Now, while prospects for approval of some limited aid varied day by day, they appeared forlorn by week's end. The House, in particular, seemed adamantly opposed.

Clearly the opponents of aid to Cambodia were more aggressive. Generally they insisted that Lon Nol's forces were doomed with or without U.S. aid, that further help would merely prolong the killing without affecting the outcome and that the U.S. had neither a vital interest nor a commitment to either side in Cambodia's internal fighting. Defenders of aid echoed Ford's claim that the funds were needed to sustain the government troops until the rainy season, when a negotiated settlement could be sought, thus avoiding a "bloodbath" that might be inflicted by rampaging rebels. The Administration had also argued that failure to help a friendly government, even in a losing cause, would undermine faith in the U.S. from other allies elsewhere in the world.

Ford had been forewarned that his

aid requests faced an uphill struggle. A Gallup poll released last week reinforced that feeling; it showed that 78% of those polled opposed more aid for either Cambodia or South Viet Nam. Nevertheless, Ford received two pleasant surprises as the Congress began processing his Cambodia proposal. By identical squeak-through margins of 4 to 3, a subcommittee in each chamber kept the notion of some kind of aid to Cambodia alive.

It was the liberal Javits who unexpectedly supplied the pivotal vote—startling even Ford—as a subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee voted to provide \$125 million in emergency aid and \$90 million for humanitarian help (such as food and medical supplies). Democrat Hubert Humphrey, who chaired the subcommittee, argued that Cambodia's military situation was "hopeless," the Lon Nol government was too weak to negotiate and the Administration wanted the aid merely to show that the U.S. had not "cooped out." Javits contended that one final injection of help could make negotiations more likely by "continuing some level of resistance" to the rebels. "I'm reluctant to pull the plug," he told the subcommittee. On purely humanitarian grounds, Javits said, he could not resist Cambodia's "cry for help."

The key voting switch in a subcommittee of the House Foreign Affairs Committee came from Delaware Republican Pierre S. Du Pont. After voting earlier against aid, he provided the majority vote for a compromise pack-



CAMBODIAN MOTHER WEEPS OVER BODY OF SLAIN SON BEFORE CREMATION



CAMBODIAN SOLDIER NORTH OF CAPITAL

THE NATION

age of \$82.5 million spread over 90 days and tied to monthly reports by Ford on progress in seeking a negotiated settlement. All military aid would end June 30. Du Pont, 40, argued that this would be more useful in achieving peace than an abrupt cutoff of help.

Despite those two slim victories, Ford's aid fight rapidly skidded downhill. In both the Senate and the House, the controlling Democrats held party caucuses and voted strongly against further aid to either Cambodia or South Viet Nam. The Democratic Senators argued the matter for more than two hours as South Dakota's James Abourek led opposition to aid. He complained that the political maneuvering over Cambodia seemed to center more on "whom to blame" when Cambodia falls than on "ending the slaughter."

The full House Foreign Relations Committee then rejected the advice of its subcommittee and killed the compromise \$82.5 million aid plan by a vote of 18 to 15. It did so after hearing Assistant Secretary of State Robert S. Ingersoll contend that an aid cutoff would render the U.S. incapable of applying effective pressure to get the contending parties to negotiate. A majority of the committee seemed to feel that the Administration should have been pushing harder for negotiation long ago.

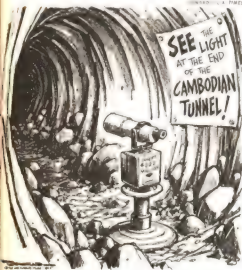
The Administration's fading hopes will focus this week on the Senate. There the Foreign Relations Committee will take up the pro-aid recommendation of its subcommittee in deliberations that one staff member describes as "searching their souls, trying to make the right decision." Committee sentiment seems almost evenly split, with prospects in the full Senate equally uncertain if an aid bill reaches the floor. Unless some aid measure also emerges from the House, however, any Senate approval will be in vain. In practical terms, the Administration's best bet seems to lie in getting approval to shift existing Pentagon funds to keep ammunition flowing to Cambodia rather than in seeking new money.

Some opponents of more aid to Indochina suspected that the Administration's push for Cambodian funds was aimed at enlisting help later for South Viet Nam. The Cambodia request allows members of Congress to appease anti-aid sentiment at home by voting against it, this theory goes, and thus makes a later vote for Viet Nam funds less risky. Moreover, if Cambodia soon falls and there

are recriminations, it will be harder to vote against aid for Saigon.

Those suspicions may be unfair, and indeed a White House adviser insisted that Ford will not lead any drive to blame the Democrats if Cambodia's forces collapse; the President said as much himself in his most recent press conference. Yet, this aid conceded, Ford would not have to push any such attack, since others would. He added, "The President knows that he's said his piece; he did his best. If the Democrats won't do it, they won't do it." In fact, however, a considerable number of Republicans also oppose further aid; the developing majority against it will probably be bipartisan.

At week's end a frustrated President Ford relayed word through his press secretary that he was "terribly disappointed" at the reluctance of Congress to move promptly to help Cambodia's beleaguered government. All that the Administration wanted, insisted one of Ford's top national security aides, was to help effect "some kind of reconciliation" among Cambodia's contending forces that "would protect the lives of the bulk of the Cambodian population." Frankly and refreshingly, he conceded that the U.S. had "no strategic interests" in Cambodia and seemed to admit that, in any case, the military battle had been lost. But that was not true, he insisted, in South Viet Nam. Indeed, battlefield reports from both nations (see next page) supported the White House view that sharp distinctions exist between the two troubling situations. Unfortunately, they also made clear that for all those involved, including the U.S., more anguish and perhaps more difficult choices wait ahead.





LONG NOL (LEFT), PREMIER LONG BORET & GENERAL FERNANDEZ AT CHAMPAGNE CEREMONY

Cambodia: Before the Fall

Cambodia is a ruined fairyland, with a government to match. Even foreign diplomats who privately hope that the present regime can pull through have been exasperated by the indolence and unrealistic attitudes of President Lon Nol, who sometimes acts as if the war were taking place in another country. Last week, for example, rumors circulated in Phnom-Penh for several days that he might resign, which could possibly pave the way toward some kind of negotiations with the Khmer Rouge insurgents. Instead, Lon Nol staged a modest Cabinet reshuffling and fired his arrogant commander in chief, Lieut. General Sosthene Fernandez, who is hated

The Debate: Key Issues and Answers

The key issues raised by the current debate over aid to Indochina

How did the U.S. get involved in Cambodia?

In March 1970, a coalition of military officers, students, urban intellectuals and businessmen mounted a successful coup against Cambodia's neutralist chief of state, Prince Norodom Sihanouk. Until then, the U.S. had limited (and sometimes severed) ties with Cambodia. A month after the coup, Phnom-Penh's new regime appealed to the U.S. for help in fighting the Khmer Rouge, which was then a ragtag Communist-led insurgency movement. Washington refused. On April 29, 1970, U.S. forces invaded Cambodia to destroy "sanctuaries" used by North Vietnamese troops. The move, said Washington, was partly designed to help Phnom-Penh's struggle against the insurgents. After that, the Nixon Administration acted as if there were a U.S. commitment to aid the Phnom-Penh regime, although most experts disputed that assumption. U.S. bombing of Communist positions in Cambodia continued until it was finally halted by congressional pressure in August 1973.

What is the present government of Cambodia?

It is a republican regime headed by Marshal-President Lon Nol, a leader of the 1970 coup. Cambodia has a one-party Senate, National Assembly and Cabinet; the Premier is Long Boret. Although partially paralyzed from a 1971 stroke, Lon Nol wields nearly absolute power as head of the government. The 80,000 combat and 145,000 support troops under Phnom-Penh's command control approximately 25% of the country's land, about 60% of its 7.6 million inhabitants and all but two of its major cities and towns.

Who opposes the Phnom-Penh regime?

After the 1970 coup, more than 5,000 Cambodian rebels who had been training in North Viet Nam returned to their native country and recruited a like number of local Communists. They today form the core of the 60,000 Khmer insurgents (commonly known as the Khmer Rouge) fighting Lon Nol's forces. The non-Communists are primarily conscripted peasants, who Western military observers believe are serving under duress. Prince Sihanouk, who has been living in Peking since 1970, is the nominal head of the insurgents, although little is known about the rebels' real leaders. It is assumed that the heads of several factions (such as the nationalists and the doctrinaire Communists) are rivals for power. One leader is Khieu Samphan, a French-educated econ-

omist in his 40s, who is the deputy premier of the Khmer Rouge shadow government and commander in chief of its army.

Who supports the insurgents?

China provides most of their weapons. North Viet Nam transports them to Cambodia and food is confiscated from peasants in "liberated" areas. Although North Vietnamese troops at first fought alongside the Khmer insurgents, Hanoi's forces since 1971 have served only as advisers. Soviet aid has been minimal.

How is the U.S. supporting the Lon Nol regime?

The increasingly dangerous U.S. airlift (by private airlines contracted by the U.S. Government), which has already cost more than \$7 million for logistics alone, flies ammunition, petroleum and food from Thailand and South Viet Nam to the besieged capital. For the current fiscal year (ending June 30), U.S. military aid totals \$275 million; almost all of it is exhausted. Since 1970, the U.S. has given Cambodia \$1.8 billion in military and economic assistance. The Administration has requested \$222 million in supplemental aid for this fiscal year to provide the government with bullets, artillery shells and bombs.

What does the Administration hope to gain by sending the extra aid?

The U.S. is trying to buy time. The supplemental aid might allow the Phnom-Penh government to withstand the insurgents' siege until July, when the Mekong River, swollen by heavy rains, will overflow, making it difficult for fighting to continue at its current level. Washington believes that the Khmer insurgents, who have suffered heavy losses in the long assault on the capital, might recognize that it would be better to negotiate than to gird up for yet another bloody dry-season offensive in the autumn.

Are Washington's hopes realistic?

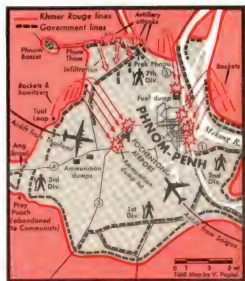
Probably not. There is no reason to expect that the insurgents will be more willing to settle for anything less than total victory this year than they were in 1974, when the Mekong floods also ended their dry-season offensive. By fall, the rebels will have replenished their stockpiles and will be rested and ready for a new campaign against the capital. Thus, opponents of U.S. aid can plausibly argue that sending more supplies will not lead to negotiations but merely prolong Cambodia's agony.

Why have there been no talks with the insurgents?

The Administration claims that the insurgents have no incentive to talk so long as they feel certain of victory on the battlefield. State Department officials recently disclosed that the U.S. made six

Lon Nol also asked Long Biet, who has served as his reasonably capable Premier since December 1973, to form a new government. This task, however, did not go quite so smoothly as the long overdue sacking of Fernandez. The problem was that Lon Nol's younger brother, Lon Non, was back on the scene trying to regain a position in the government. Two years ago, under pressure from the U.S., Lon Nol sent his ruthless brother, who had become an extremely powerful palace figure, overseas as a roving good-will ambassador. The

The intrigues at the presidential palace had little effect on life in the besieged capital. In front of the huge, unfinished Cambodian Hotel, which now serves as a camp for 5,000 homeless refugees, emaciated children chanted, "O.K., bye-bye," perhaps the only English words they knew, as enemy bombs fell on the opposite bank of the Mekong River. Inside, a line of hollow-eyed mothers clutching half-dead infants waited patiently to enter the World Vision clinic. One baby's head hung limply to the side, eyes closed and mouth agape, its body swaddled in a green-and-white T shirt that bore the words HELLO. **DARLING** Said Clinic Director Carl B.



Would an insurgents' victory lead to a bloodbath?

How would the fall of Lon Nol affect South Viet Nam?

Is the U.S. commitment to South Viet Nam different from that to Cambodia?

In contrast, the U.S. played a key role in establishing South Viet Nam as a separate entity in 1954. Since then, U.S. Presidents have consistently pledged support to Saigon governments. The Communist insurgency in South Viet Nam also began as a civil war and to some extent it still remains one—in the sense that both North and South Vietnamese are part of what used to be one country, and that the U.S. has a significant stake in the namesake. The U.S. has long seen the North as an outside force trying to impose its will on the South (an issue that has nothing to do with the quality of the Saigon regime). While this may have justified America's initial involvement in South Viet Nam, it does not mean that

How much aid does Saigon receive from the U.S.?

What is the U.S.'s goal in continuing to aid Saigon?

Could Saigon survive if the U.S. stopped all aid?

Why have the Paris Accords failed to bring peace?

What impact would the fall of Saigon have on the rest of Southeast Asia?

With both Viet Nam under Communist control, Laos and Cambodia would probably be doomed to becoming satellites of the Vietnamese. Other nations of the region would have to make some accommodations with the powerful Vietnamese, like adopting a more neutral foreign policy. There seems little evidence, however, to substantiate fears that Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines would fall to the Communists like dominoes. In Thailand, the small insurgency movement might gain at least moral support from new Communist governments in the region; but Bangkok would probably try to prevent that by moving quickly to improve its relations with Peking and Hanoi.

Urgent Plea for a Losing Cause

John Gunther Dean, 49, has lost 21 lbs. in the past year. He is the battle-fatigued, frustrated U.S. ambassador in Phnom-Penh who during that period has tried to shore up the Lon Nol government in the hope of eventually achieving what he helped bring about as U.S. charge in Laos 18 months ago: a coalition between the opposing parties that would end the fighting. While he claims not to be emotionally involved in the situation, he clearly is. In an interview last week with TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan, he pleaded his increasingly forlorn case for continued U.S. military assistance. Excerpts.

We are not the kind of people to deny somebody who is fighting for his life the means to survive. As Americans I don't think we want to withhold ammunition from Cambodians when the

he says: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Lon Nol is a calm man, a big man. He doesn't get excited. He was probably depicted erroneously when he took the title of marshal. But I'm not linked to any groups or personalities here. I've kept my distance. I'm not emotionally involved.

Our defense attachés go out to the battlefield as the eyes and ears of the embassy. They check casualties and assess the army's front-line reports. You don't read about this in the newspapers, but they see full colonels fighting like hell and getting wounded. The army has done a good job defending Phnom-Penh. But it needs more recruits. Students, who are so vocal, always telling the government what it's doing wrong, are still exempt from the draft. The government has to be more energetic, more dynamic to get people into the army. It also

COURTESY-MAGNUM



AMBASSADOR JOHN GUNTHER DEAN IN PHNOM-PENH

enemy is at their door. If we are to blame for one small nation not being able to shoot back, this decision will haunt us for years. Therefore I believe ways will be found to get the resources needed here—and with the consent of Congress. I have bent over backward to be cognizant of Congress—not just of the laws, but of the spirit of Congress.

Humanitarian aid? Remember, this is a Buddhist society. The people do not cry out for help. But you can't give humanitarian aid unless you provide security. I like to think that by serving here I'm contributing to my Government and to my country. It would be more satisfying if I could also feel that I was contributing to the welfare of the place where I work.

As for a political solution, the ingredients aren't here for arranging it. But conflicts should always end with a political solution. We must still try to give these people their best chance to try to find one. The Cambodian government is willing. But the other side is pressing for a military solution. The Bi-

has to clear the rocket belt. Rockets give the feeling of uncertainty. You don't know when they're going to hit, or where. But it is not rockets that will decide if this side is going to stand.

The government is going to have to drive the enemy far enough away to hold the airport. The airlift is essential. Forty or 50 planes a day may be puny compared with the Berlin airlift. Yet it seems to be working. If the airlift continues, Phnom-Penh will stand until the rainy season and the government will have won a respite. It will then get another chance to settle, to come up with a non-military solution.

If Congress votes against the emergency aid, even with a warehouse full of ammunition, the generals will look out the corners of their eyes at the dwindling supplies, knowing that no more is coming. Then things will just have a way of happening. It was bad enough when they got the story out here of Senator Scott calling for Lon Nol to resign. Put yourself in my shoes when that story hit Phnom-Penh.

THE NATION

Harris of Washington, D.C.: "It's not only the babies who are starving. Many of the mothers have hemoglobin levels below 60%."

In the central market, reported TIME Correspondent Roy Rowan, rockets had exploded and the stalls were empty. A soldier handed out tickets for half-price government rice but ran out of them before he reached the end of the line. Across the street in a sidewalk café, Cambodian men lolled over their afternoon coffee. Behind them, beggar boys stood poised with empty beer cans, ready to cadge the few drops of coffee left in every cup. Two blond young men—they could have been freelance pilots or maybe just drifters still hanging round Phnom-Penh for its "cheap ass and cheap grass"—occupied one of the tables. Cambodia still boasts a number of private one- or two-plane airlines, which fly between Phnom-Penh and provincial towns still in government hands. One American who flies a Convair for Angkor Wat Airlines takes his wife and adopted baby girl with him on flights to keep them out of range of the rockets in Phnom-Penh. His wife explains, "Nowadays we spend our nights in Battambang with the plane."

Even after the rocket attacks were stepped up to 50 or 60 a day, Air Cambodia was still able to land its champagne flights from Bangkok and Saigon at Phnom-Penh's Pochentong Airport. Relatively few passengers disembarked from the silver Caravelle, but the plane was full when it flew out.

All over town there are bunkers built from sandbags that bear the name of Connell Rice & Sugar Co., Crowley, La. The 100-lb. sacks, delivered by the DC-8 "rice birds" of the American airlift, are no sooner emptied of their contents than they are refilled with sand. So far, the fighting has not reached the city itself, infiltrators, if there are any, have stayed hidden. Lurid billboards adorning every main intersection portray scenes of what the Khmer Rouge will do once they arrive. Some murals show women with daggers in their chests, their dresses torn away and their legs pried open.

Last week Communist forces continued to nibble away at government positions around both Phnom-Penh and the ferry crossing and naval base at Neak Luong, 32 miles to the southeast. The most disturbing attacks were to the north of Phnom-Penh, where every night Khmer Rouge forces slipped past remnants of the government's 7th Division at the ruined village of Prek Phnou. Once past the division's posts, the enemy would then turn and attack the units from the south. Although the total collapse of the 7th Division would leave the northern sector of the city practically undefended, the government last week gave top priority to an effort to push the insurgents out of the "rocket belt," the region from which they were firing on the Pochentong Airport, but



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PUBLIC NOTICE

Coming your way... TIME's issue of July 4, 1776

THE ENEMY is off Manhattan. The British seize Staten Island and prepare to invade the mainland. Near Wall Street, frenzied New Yorkers tear down George III's statue. And a delegate from Delaware gallops 80 miles through thunderstorms to Philadelphia to help make the Declaration of Independence unanimous.

These were some of the top stories in the first week of July 1776. They will also be among the top stories in a very unusual issue of TIME. In a special issue this spring to commemorate the Bicentennial, TIME will cover the events of that week, department by department, as if today's TIME had existed then.

NATION will report on Thomas Jefferson and the events leading to the Declaration of Independence, as World examines European reaction to the Revolution.

BUSINESS is scheduled to report on colonial inflation, and The Sexes on whether women should vote. Books will review Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, while Music looks at the maturing Mozart. And there will be much, much more.

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PARTIAL LIST OF PROPOSED CONTENTS.

Nation: *Chronology of Independence, The Man from Monticello, What Kind of Constitution? The Plot to Kill Washington*

World: *Welcome Revolution, Where now, King George?*

Business & Economy: *Can We Afford Independence?, Adam Smith on Wealth*

The Press: *Pamphleteer Tom Paine*

Religion: *Freedom in the Pulpit, How the Denominations Line Up on Independence*

Medicine: *Who's Afraid of Inoculation?*

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FTC Report Oct. '74: Box, 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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Shown below: the 1930 SJ Duesenberg Torpedo Phaeton.



Among cars, there are
many famous eights.
Among bourbons,
there is one.

8-YEAR-OLD
WALKER'S
DELUXE



THE NATION

government troops made little progress. Late in the week a Khmer Rouge rocket hit an ammunition dump at the airport. Some 20 tons of explosives went up in flames, the windows of the control tower were blown out, and the U.S. airlift had to be suspended temporarily.

Put at Prek Phnou, which is only eight miles from Phnom-Penh, three T-28s dropped napalm on a paddyfield, causing orange flames to spurt across the open area. Three Cambodian youths in ragtag uniforms came trudging down a dirt road; one wore a purple bandanna around his head, another a Pathet Lao peaked cap from Laos, and the third had on a fatigue jacket and red bathing trunks. But all three carried M-79 grenade launchers slung across their slender shoulders.

In Cambodia, a soldier's family often follows him into the field. Troops wounded in the fighting at Prek Phnou are evacuated by Jeep or helicopter to a receiving hospital set up in the basketball stadium in what was once Sihanouk's Olympic City. Most of the wounded arrived with their wives and sometimes their children. A whole family often covered silently in a corner of the operating room while surgeons cut a jagged 82-mm. mortar fragment from a soldier's chest.

Some government troops fought extremely well. Even foreign observers could see the difference in the 7th Division last week when it gained a new commander, Brigadier General Khy Hak. But the insurgents also fought well. TIME's Stephen Heder reported the case of a rebel soldier, caught by machine-gun fire that injured both his arms and legs, who lay wounded in a bunker for two days. On the third morning, Heder and three government soldiers found him. "Only when we came very close did we see his glaring face," said Heder. "His wounds had festered horribly, filling with squirming maggots. One of the soldiers leaned over and asked 'What happened to you?' He snarled back, 'I don't have to tell you anything'."

"Taken slightly aback, the government soldiers explained that they only wanted to take him to a hospital and that there was no reason to be afraid. Then they suggested to him that, when interrogated, he tell their officers he had been shot by his own comrades when he had refused to obey orders to move forward. Only then did the Khmer Rouge soldier allow himself to be taken to an aid station, where he became an object of great curiosity. One amazed government soldier remarked, 'If that had happened to any of us, we would have called for help the first day.'"

From his exile in Peking, Prince Sihanouk still insisted that the Khmer Rouge had no intention of making a direct assault on Phnom-Penh. He maintained that the city would fall before the end of the year and perhaps "much sooner." That is probably an accurate pre-



SOUTH VIETNAMESE SOLDIER ADVANCING TOWARD ENEMY IN CENTRAL HIGHLANDS

diction. If U.S. ammunition and food are cut off, the Lon Nol government will be lucky to last until mid-April.

At week's end the Cambodian government was reported ready to cut down the trees lining Phnom-Penh's Democracy Boulevard so that the wide roadway can be turned into an emergency landing strip for DC-3s in case the airport is closed down by Khmer Rouge rocket attacks. Such a desperate ploy might extend the war for a few days, or even a week or two, but not for long. This week the city braced itself for the fifth anniversary of the overthrow of Prince Sihanouk, a date the insurgents have previously celebrated with heavy attacks.

South Viet Nam: Holding On

"If that's not an all-out offensive, I don't know what is," said one American official in Saigon last week. He was referring to the latest outbreak of fighting in South Viet Nam, which the U.S. Defense Department, at least at first, did not seem to regard as particularly serious. The South Vietnamese military, understandably, took a grimmer view. For the first time in a year, the ARVN high command revived (at 3:30 p.m.) the once-famous "5 o'clock follies"—the daily military briefing for the 60-odd foreign newsmen presently in Saigon.

The ARVN briefers had plenty to tell. Communist forces attacked along an immense arc running down strategic Route 14 from the Central Highlands cities of Kontum and Pleiku all the way to Tay Ninh, 230 miles to the southwest. There

were other assaults as well, especially in the northernmost Military Region I. But the Communists' main objective was clearly to create a broad corridor of control straddling Route 14, the major north-south highway in the interior of the country.

The assault began with a series of attacks on bridges and roads leading from the Central Highlands to the coast—apparently an effort to cut the area's major cities and garrisons off from the rest of the country. The Communists overran six district capitals, three in the highland region, two in Military Region I and one in Military Region III, before zeroing in on their primary target: Ban Me Thuot, a sleepy Montagnard city of 80,000 and the capital of Darlac province, where in a quieter era the Emperor Bao Dai used to hunt for tiger.

A sapper attack before dawn on the command headquarters in the city caught many troops of the South Vietnamese 23rd Division sleeping in their homes. At the same time, elements of the North Vietnamese 320th Division, which infiltrated into the area from Laos last month, attacked the city's airstrip.

Within a few hours, Communist tanks had penetrated the outskirts of Ban Me Thuot, forcing some 4,000 ARVN troops to abandon the downtown area. The South Vietnamese provincial commander, Colonel Nguyen Trong Luat, called on the air force for help. Bombing inaccurately at high altitudes to avoid North Vietnamese ground-to-air missiles, the South Vietnamese F-5s and A-37s managed to blow up Luat's command headquarters. Meanwhile, the 23rd Division's forward command post had been destroyed by sapper charges. For a time, the only ARVN communication with the outside world was provided by an FAC spotter plane circling

THE NATION

overhead. Trapped in the city were nine Americans, official U.S. Consular Representative Paul A. Struharik and eight missionaries.

By midweek, the battle for Ban Me Thuot had become the biggest engagement of the Viet Nam War since the Paris Accords were signed more than two years ago. South Vietnamese pilots flew sortie after sortie, and claimed to have knocked out 46 tanks and dozens of artillery pieces on the city's main streets—accidentally killing Province Commander Luat in the process. Troop-carrying helicopters flew through withering anti-aircraft fire and successfully landed ARVN reinforcements east of the city. Each side was estimated to have between 6,000 and 7,000 troops within the embattled city.

At week's end, the Communists announced that they had captured the capital; Saigon admitted only that the enemy forces had not been dislodged—but conceded that two-thirds of the city had been severely damaged.

The attack on Ban Me Thuot was only part of a coordinated upsurge of military activity in South Viet Nam. In Quang Tri province in the extreme north of the country, assaults on district towns forced some 20,000 people to seek shelter in the old imperial capital of Hue, which was already crisscrossed with war refugees from other embattled areas in Military Region I. South of Ban Me Thuot along Route 14, the Communists captured the district capital of Duc Lap and three base camps, thereby threatening Quang Duc province and its capital of Gia Nghia. Still farther south, in Military Region III, the North Vietnamese tightened the pressure on another embattled provincial capital, Tay Ninh (TIME, Feb. 17), by trying to cut Route 22, which connects it to Saigon.

So far, at least, the offensive does not seem to be as massive as the one launched during the 1972 dry season. Nonetheless, the Communists are in a more threatening military position than at any time since the signing of the Paris Accords. If the Communists successfully hold Ban Me Thuot, the city would become the second provincial capital to fall this year. That would be a major psychological defeat for Saigon. In addition, the Communists' scatter-shot assaults along Route 14 may enable them to consolidate their hold on the entire strip of mountainous territory that borders on Cambodia. More ominously, with the Central Highlands as a staging area, they are now in a position to strike toward coastal provinces, thereby cutting South Viet Nam in two.

Since January Hanoi has infiltrated

about 56,000 fresh troops into the South, although some were replacements for soldiers who died in fighting or returned North. They have also brought in hundreds of tanks and heavy artillery pieces, as well as SA-7 anti-aircraft missiles. Recently, several small units from Hanoi's strategic reserve have glided through the Demilitarized Zone.

Still, the evidence does not suggest that Hanoi will try to topple the Saigon government by military means alone—at least not soon. Captured Communist documents call for limited offensives in various parts of South Viet Nam during the current dry season, which will end in late May. The main purpose is to erode ARVN morale, break up Saigon's administrative network in government-controlled districts and upset the

Economically, too, Saigon has shown some surprising strength in recent months. True, the rate of inflation has been running at around 40% a year, while soaring oil costs have resulted in a gaping foreign trade deficit. But a strict austerity program for petroleum and a cutback on imports has reduced the outflow of foreign exchange. More important, South Viet Nam in 1975 should become a net rice exporter for the first time since 1964.

Even South Viet Nam's hardy and often volatile non-Communist political opposition has lately been relatively quiescent. Several months ago, anti-Thieu activity, led by anti-Communist Roman Catholics, reached such a peak that many were reminded of the devastatingly effective anti-government Buddhist protests of the 1960s. Last month Thieu jailed 19 journalists and closed five opposition newspapers; for the moment, his crackdown seems to have silenced the opposition movement. His government's increasingly hostile treatment of the foreign press brought tragedy last week when the Saigon police ordered Agence France-Presse Correspondent Paul Leandri to National Police Headquarters to discuss a story. Leandri resented the interrogation, attempted to get away in his car, and was shot and killed.

Thieu's long-range prospects are uncertain. There could easily be a resurgence of dissent, especially if the military situation continues to deteriorate. Any major cutback of American aid would obviously damage his position. But it might also encourage the non-Communist opposition in Saigon to work toward setting up a new government more willing to reach a negotiated settlement of the war. It is difficult to predict what the outcome would be. Certainly, the Communists would be influential in any kind of coalition government that might arise; they may well dominate it. That result would hardly please

the U.S., but the only alternative is an ever more bloody military stalemate of the kind that has afflicted South Viet Nam for more than a decade.

What then should the U.S. do? With regard to Cambodia, the question may already be academic. Obviously Washington would gladly settle for a neutralist regime based on the Laotian model as a replacement for Lon Nol, but there is little reason to believe the Khmer Rouge would now accept anything less than full power. There is a chance, of course, that nationalists will temper the ardor of the Communists in the insurgent movement. Perhaps the clever Sihanouk will play a larger role than is now anticipated. The Khmer Rouge, which lacks



South Vietnamese economy while killing or capturing as many troops as possible. Hanoi evidently hopes that a series of defeats will demoralize the South Vietnamese army. There are signs that the Communist strategy may work. The desertion rate for ARVN is now 24,000 men a month, up from 19,000 in the second half of 1974. During the current offensive, South Vietnamese casualties, including both killed and wounded, have been running at about 1,000 men a day.

Nonetheless, Thieu seems in no imminent danger of falling. Saigon still firmly controls over 50% and partially controls another 40% of the South Vietnamese population. Despite the desertions and casualties, ARVN still has an imposing numerical superiority over the Communists (850,000 troops to 305,000).

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a strong cadre of leaders, may be forced to rely upon the existing bureaucracy. Moreover, the traditional Cambodian hatred of all things Vietnamese may prove a stronger motivating power than Hanoi's ideology. But such matters are largely beyond the bounds of U.S. influence.

South Viet Nam poses a more difficult problem for U.S. policymakers. Implicit in the nature of the U.S. withdrawal at the time of the Paris Accords was the assumption that the U.S. could no longer guarantee the existence of a non-Communist government in Saigon, no matter how desirable that might be. Still there is a case for maintaining a reasonable amount of U.S. economic aid to South Viet Nam over the next several years because a very special relationship exists between the two countries. The temptation to cut off all military aid at once is strong. It would be better, however, to give Saigon some warning first and set a deadline. A year or 18 months should be enough. At that point the Saigon government should be as strong as it will ever be to resist further attacks. Thereafter, like the other countries of Indochina, it will have to rely largely on its own strength to maintain its independence if its people want it. By then the U.S. would also have more than amply demonstrated to the world that it is not an unreliable ally, if it has not done so already.

What about long-range U.S. aims in the area? Thirty years after the start of the Indochina War, in which nearly 50,000 Americans died and the U.S. spent \$150 billion, Washington today seems to have no coherent policy in Indochina, and not very many options.

Despite its recent brief reappearance, the "domino theory" is not a sensible base for U.S. policy; if taken seriously and literally, it might well mean sending U.S. troops back into Indochina sooner or later. The dominoes immediately adjoining Viet Nam may well fall to Communism if the present Saigon government collapses, though what kind of Communism, with what admixture of neutralism or nationalism, is far from clear. Strategically, this would not matter very much to the U.S. The more remote dominoes that do matter—Malaysia, Indonesia, the Philippines—would probably not be seriously affected (see box page 14). As for China, which was once thought to be panting to expand into Southeast Asia, there is no evidence that it has the means or intention to do so in the near future.

Almost certainly, a new balance of forces in Indochina will have to come about, with no military but some U.S. economic presence. The U.S. will have to find its own new, relatively minor role in the theater of its past failures and misjudgments. Hard as it may seem to imagine now, it may even be able to share in the rebuilding.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Chart & Pointer Time Again at BAWs

We have now in the Federal Government something we might call the "Bureau of Asian War, Southeast"—or BAWs. It goes on now like HUD or the FCC resisting, right down to the desperate end, efforts to change it or end it. The Ford Administration seems overpowered by the momentum of the thing, a familiar condition of institutional Washington. It is a rule of thumb that any program that survives ten years is permanent. Our longest war has taken on this characteristic.

BAWs does not have a legal charter or a shiny new headquarters building along the Potomac. But scattered throughout the Government are thousands of men and women who depend on it for their livelihood. Other thousands who gave more than a decade of their most creative years to BAWs feel compelled to continue their search for vindication of their positions.

Last week retired General William Westmoreland, who ran the massive combat over there more years than anyone, was back on the White House grounds barking out his lament that Ford could not use "tactical air support" and "B-52 strikes" and "the mining of Haiphong Harbor." He stood like a ramrod, his chiseled jaw working, his eyes flashing as if he once again heard the distant trumpet, asserting of his old antagonists, "The only language that Hanoi understands is the language of force."

Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger have no more or less logic in their pleas for hundreds of millions of dollars for more ammunition than the Government ever did. Their public case rests on the analysis of the Communist mind (the enemy will negotiate this time) and the long-range weather forecasts (the monsoons are coming). In truth, they simply cannot bring themselves to walk out of BAWs.

All along the BAWs line folks are rallying as if some invisible flag had been raised at headquarters. There are the same old slogans, press releases and speeches about honoring commitments and about other nations losing faith in the United States if we do not plunge on. Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger last week was puffing his pipe and weighing "the dry season," against "the wet season." His computers were spinning out statistics about the percentages of the land and the people controlled by the Communists. General George Brown, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, dispatched Major General John R.D. Cleland on a new fact-finding mission to the war area. Cleland roared off through the skies, and there were memories of General Maxwell Taylor and Walt Rostow swooping down on Saigon for Kennedy. The exhilaration of new crisis was evident all through BAWs.

Big colored maps unrolled in briefings from the Cabinet Room to Capitol Hill. In the State Department they put up the coded progress reports by the hour. The old Southeast Asia hands walked with a little more pride among their mementos, which have never been put away, including a stuffed mongoose and a fine selection of tribal folk art. Suddenly there was a resurgence of the collapsible aluminum pointer, that riding crop of bureaucratic status. All up and down the ranks, the pointers were extended with sharp clicks, the desk officers and colonels whacking the charts authoritatively as they explained the fluid fronts, slapping their trouser legs to drive home salient points.

Old fears were rekindled. Vice President Nelson Rockefeller on board his jet raised the specter of a "bloodbath" of a million people if South Viet Nam fell. Apparently that stems from the claim by Richard Nixon five years earlier that 1½ million Catholics who fled to the South would be killed if South Viet Nam fell. Former Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford did some research at the time and found a little more than half that many Catholics had fled South and about the same number stayed in North Viet Nam and were not touched by the Communists. Further, the original contention that countless thousands had been slaughtered when North Viet Nam went Communist in 1954 could not be verified.

One wonders, as BAWs clanks again, what it would be like if the President decided to end our part of those wars by just ending it, turned the full energy of the U.S. into a powerful appeal for all factions to stop the killing and devised a whole new program—"Rebuild Asia, Southeast," or RAS—to use the millions for reconstruction and reconciliation. But that is not in the manual of the Old Boys at BAWs.



WESTMORELAND LAST WEEK

Church: 'Entering the 1984 Decade'

The investigations of the U.S. intelligence community are gradually moving ahead. Every week a presidential panel hears secret testimony about the Central Intelligence Agency's domestic activities. That probe was scheduled to conclude April 4, but the commission's chairman, Vice President Nelson Rockefeller, said last week that he will ask for an extension of several weeks.

House and Senate committees, meanwhile, are gearing up for investigations of the CIA, FBI and other U.S. intelligence agencies that are expected to continue into next fall. Last week the

ees that the agreement binding them not to reveal their work or other confidential information will be waived with respect to the committee." Church predicted that the committee will hold its public hearings this summer. Other highlights of the interview:

Q. To what extent will your Senate hearings be public?

A. The rule of thumb will be to hold public hearings whenever we can and closed hearings whenever we must. Charges concerning illegal operations against American citizens should be publicly discussed and any unlawful action should be revealed. On the other hand, there are some areas that must be handled in executive session, such as covert operations abroad, the revelation of which would injure our relations with foreign governments or impair sources of information or imperil agents in the field.

Q. There have been reports that the CIA either planned or carried out the murder of foreign heads of state. Can this ever be justified?

A. No. In the absence of war, no Government agency can be given license to murder. The President is not a glorified Godfather.

Q. If your committee finds out that assassination did occur, would it recommend criminal prosecution or impeachment of officials?

A. Yes, this is possible. However, I don't view the investigation as a man hunt. We know that there are gray areas in the law relating to intelligence that need clarification. *Ex post facto* laws are an abomination, and this committee is not a court. Its purpose is to conduct a searching review of what may have gone amiss, with the objective of strengthening the law so that any misdeeds do not occur again.

Q. What kind of congressional oversight would you like to see?

A. I am not sure that there is any oversight by the Congress that will prove to be wholly satisfactory. It may be that we can improve congressional oversight. Perhaps we can also more sharply delineate the jurisdiction between the CIA, the FBI and the military agencies so as to minimize the overlap that may now exist. We might prohibit certain kinds of operations; assassination is one pos-

sibility. But I don't think that these improvements would be permanent remedies. Possibly we may have to conduct a periodic investigation of the federal police and intelligence agencies.

Q. If a President and a CIA director agreed to keep information from Congress, congressional oversight could not be very meaningful, could it?

A. I suppose that such secrets can be kept for a time, but in our society they cannot be kept forever. These are agencies that find their honor in the way they uphold the law. Nothing is more ruinous to them than actions that violate the very law they are entrusted to enforce. If the laws are not constructed in such a way as to confine our police and intelligence agencies to their legitimate work, then the days are numbered for freedom in this country. I am very much opposed to the Government's constantly looking over every citizen's shoulder spying on his day-to-day activities, opening his mail, compiling dossiers on his personal life. We have entered the decade, you know, that ends with 1984.

Q. How can oversight be expanded and covert operations be kept secret?

A. The [1974] law requires that any covert operation be revealed to several different congressional committees. As a result, I am told by certain spokesmen of the Administration, covert operations now have been terminated. But I am not one who believes that we can simply forbid all covert actions, because I cannot foresee future circumstances. We must look for ways to limit covert activity to matters that really relate to the security of the country. I believe that we can find a formula that will bring covert activity into line with our traditional principles. For example, there may be a way to require an oversight committee's consent for certain kinds of covert operations. In any case, I hope that we can forestall a repetition of some of the covert operations of the past. I take strong exception to the CIA's undermining a government that has been freely elected by the Chilean people. This is contrary to our principle of respecting self-determination. Chile, moreover, hardly constituted a threat to the security of the U.S. It is also impossible for me to accept the secret war in Laos. Nothing in the Constitution entitled the CIA to fight a war that was disclosed neither to the Congress nor to the American people.

Q. Colby has said that this publicity and these investigations are hurting morale within the agency and drying up sources. What can be done about that?

A. Mr. Colby has also said that he recognizes the need for the investigation. The only way that such difficulties can be corrected is by a thorough investigation, which leads to remedial action. The sooner we get that done, the better it will be for the CIA and the FBI.



SENATOR FRANK CHURCH IN HIS WASHINGTON OFFICE
No agency can be given a license to murder.

Senate committee asked President Ford for CIA Director William Colby's 50-page written report on the agency's domestic activities and for a summary of his conversation with Ford in which Colby is believed to have dealt with CIA assassination attempts. Ford made no response. According to Senate Committee Chairman Frank Church of Idaho, however, Ford has earlier expressed the hope that a procedure "that would be satisfactory" could be worked out for turning over evidence.

Thus far Church has found the Administration to be cooperative. In an interview last week with *TIME* Correspondent Simmons Fentress, he said that FBI Director Clarence Kelley "has expedited clearances for the committee's staff, and Colby has advised all CIA employ-

CRIME

The Patty Hearst Trail Heats Up

For the past ten months, there have been sporadic reports that she has been spotted, that the authorities have been playing a waiting game, that the long chase would soon be over. But the leads always turned out to be false, and the FBI always had to admit that, despite one of the most massive searches in its history, it had no idea where Patty Hearst was.

She was abducted from her apartment in Berkeley, Calif., on Feb. 4, 1974 by members of the Symbionese Liberation Army. On April 15, with a carbine cradled in her arm, she appeared with S.L.A. members during the robbery of a San Francisco bank. After six of her S.L.A. companions were killed in a violent shootout with Los Angeles police on May 17, Patty disappeared. Last month, on the eve of the anniversary of his daughter's kidnapping, Randolph Hearst admitted: "We don't know anything about Patricia. We don't know where she is, and we don't know whether she is well. But we believe she is still alive."

Last week the search for Patty Hearst suddenly heated up. There was a flurry of grand jury action on both coasts. If they did not know where she was, at least the searchers were sure that they knew where she had been. In keeping with the bizarre nature of the entire episode, the latest chapter involved a radical athletics director named John V. Scott who had once been employed by Oberlin College in Ohio, and—the strangest touch of all—Bill Walton, the talented, eccentric 6-ft., 11-in. basketball center of the Portland Trail Blazers.

Berkeley Plot. After the Los Angeles shootout, law enforcement agencies now believe, Patty Hearst fled to Berkeley with at least two S.L.A. members, William and Emily Harris. There they were joined by Wendy Masako Yoshimura, 32, who has been a fugitive since March 30, 1972. She is wanted for possessing explosives that were to have been used in a plot—never carried out—to blow up the naval architecture building on the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. Patty and the Harrises apparently linked up with Scott, 33, who is an intense, articulate critic of American athletics. Scott argues that most college sports programs are an extension of a society that he calls racist and militaristic. Looking for a fresh approach, Oberlin hired Scott as athletics director in 1972, on the theory that he was the right man to enliven the college's de-emphasized athletics program. It did not work out, and Oberlin and the reformer parted company last year, with Oberlin paying Scott the amount of his unexpired contract: \$42,000.

TIME has learned that early last summer a West Coast radical leader

summoned Scott to Berkeley and asked him to help Patty and her friends. Then either Scott or his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Scott, picked up Patty and the Harrises near Berkeley and took them to the motel the elder Scotts managed in Las Vegas. The trio stayed there for about a week. Patty and the Harrises then traveled to New York City and moved into an apartment on West 92nd Street. The younger Scott and his wife Micki joined the trio in New York.

Ideal Spot. In early October, police thought they saw Patty in the Times Square subway station. The girl, who looked remarkably like Patty, was so incensed at being examined by police that she resisted strongly and was arrested, and the story got into the newspapers.

Alarmed, Patty's group fled Manhattan and rented an isolated farmhouse near South Canaan, a hamlet in north-west Pennsylvania about 25 miles from Scranton. They had picked an ideal spot. There were already a number of established hippie communes on the region's abandoned farms, and no one was likely to notice another group arriving in a dusty van to set up housekeeping. Scott paid the total rent of \$1,200 in cash.

For unexplained reasons, the Scotts, the Harrises and Patty pulled out of their sanctuary in late fall and began driving west. At one point, the van was stopped by a highway patrolman. Scott, who was driving, bluffed his way out of the jam by telling the cop that he and the others were driving home from a football game in Pennsylvania.

Officials now believe that Patty, the Scotts and the Harrises decided to split up and go their own way. A Pennsylvania grand jury began looking into re-

ports that the S.L.A. band had found shelter in the area. The FBI used bloodhounds to help link Patty to the suspected farmhouse. Given her scent from a piece of Patty's clothing, one dog led agents to a bed in the house.

Last week the grand jury heard the testimony of Jay Weiner, 20, a would-be sportswriter who is a student at Philadelphia's Temple University, but who attended Oberlin from 1972 to 1974. Scott became Weiner's mentor. After his appearance before the grand jury, Weiner refused to say anything about the group, but he did ask newsmen to send his greetings to Tania (the underground name that Patty has adopted) and "my comrade Jack and my dearest sister Micki," who clearly were the Scotts. Weiner also said that he hoped the Scotts and Patty were safe "in or out of this monster's belly," an apparent reference to American society.

As part of another grand jury investigation in San Francisco, FBI agents questioned U.C.L.A. Graduate



FUGITIVES' HIDEOUT IN PENNSYLVANIA



ABOVE: PORTLAND TRAIL BLAZERS' BILL WALTON. RIGHT: JACK & MICKI SCOTT JOGGING



THE NATION

Walton. An enigmatic, moody man, Walton is a bitter critic of U.S. society. "I don't believe in capitalism," he said when he signed his pro contract. "I believe wealth should be spread around." Walton's deal gave him \$2.5 million.

When Walton met Scott and his wife, he was so attracted by the couple that last year he invited them to move into his \$100,000 A-frame house outside Portland. Last week, after talking to the FBI, Walton said that his new guru had never mentioned any involvement with the S.L.A. Walton said that he had last seen Scott two or three weeks ago, when his friend had told him he was "going away for a while." Added the basketball star: "All I can go on is my personal experience, and I had some of the most beautiful experiences in my life with Jack Scott and some of the worst with the FBI."

At week's end Patty Hearst remained at large, and the long chase continued as the FBI hunted for clues in Pennsylvania and California. The elder Scott was to testify this week before the San Francisco grand jury. The New York Times reported that Jack Scott had phoned one of its reporters to say that his lawyer "was discussing his situation with federal authorities." The Times also said that Scott "implied" he knew something about Patty's activities since last June. Declared a Justice Department official: "The FBI agents are convinced that Scott—if he were willing—could lead them right to Patty Hearst."

TAXES

Due Bill for Hubert

In return for giving his vice-presidential papers to the Minnesota Historical Society, Senator Hubert Humphrey deducted \$199,153 from his federal tax returns for 1969 through 1972. Last week the Minnesota Democrat said that the Internal Revenue Service had disallowed the deductions, and that he will reimburse the Government for the back taxes, plus 6% annual interest. The settlement will cost him as much as \$147,000, according to one estimate. His salary as a Senator is \$42,500 a year, but he also earns substantial amounts from speeches—\$65,650 in 1973.

Humphrey's papers had been appraised by Ralph Newman of Chicago, who had also set the value of the pre-presidential papers of Richard Nixon that were given to the National Archives. Newman has been indicted for his role in that affair, in which Nixon claimed tax deductions totaling \$482,018. They were disallowed when the IRS determined that the deed for the papers had been illegally backdated. In Humphrey's case, however, there was no question of fraud. The IRS ruled that because he had limited public access to his papers for 25 years, his gift did not qualify as a charitable deduction.

WATERGATE

No. 3: Stans

In the entire cast of Watergate characters, none had posed so serenely above the mess as Maurice Stans. Although he had headed Richard Nixon's campaign-finance committee in 1972, Stans blithely professed no knowledge of the illegal Watergate activities that the money had financed, which led Chairman Sam Ervin of the Senate Watergate Committee to ask in frustration: "Can you explain to a simple-minded man like me the mental processes by which you can determine how much money ought to be spent for a particular project unless you know what the project is?" Replied

WALTER CRONK



STANS OUTSIDE COURT AFTER GUILTY PLEA
Loose cash in Watergate.

Stans coolly: "Mr. Chairman, there is no yardstick by which you judge the necessities of a political campaign."

Born in the small Minnesota town of Shakopee, Stans had used his accounting skills and suave manner to climb to the top of the Eastern Republican Establishment. He was Dwight Eisenhower's budget director and Nixon's Secretary of Commerce, and raised more money (\$60 million) than any other political fund raiser in U.S. history. But as one corporation after another pleaded guilty to making illegal campaign contributions (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*), one Watergate mystery lingered: How could the man in charge of soliciting all that cash not be guilty too?

The answer came in a Washington courtroom last week as Stans, 66, pleaded guilty to five misdemeanors. Stans insisted that his criminal violations of the campaign-funding laws were "not willful." Because the special prosecutor had agreed to lodge no other Watergate charges against him, Stans argued that

this "established once and for all that I had no guilty involvement" in the Watergate burglary or its cover-up.

The federal prosecutor, Thomas J. McBride, did not entirely agree, arguing in court that Stans either "knew or acted in reckless disregard of the corporate origin" of the illegal funds he had raised. Federal Judge John Lewis Smith Jr. observed that this sounded much like "willfulness" to him. And while Stans may not have known how the illicit money was to be used, the loose treatment of huge amounts of cash helped make Watergate possible.

Specifically Stans admitted having failed to report two contributions (\$30,000 from Ernesto Lagdameo, former Philippine Ambassador to the U.S., and \$39,000 from former Montana Governor Tim Babcock, who has been sentenced to prison for concealing the source of this money; having failed to report the disbursement of \$81,000 to Frederick C. LaRue, a Nixon re-election committee aide who had arranged some of the payments to the arrested Watergate burglars; and having accepted two illegal corporate contributions (\$40,000 from Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. and \$30,000 from Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co.). Each violation carries a maximum sentence of one year in prison and a \$1,000 fine. Judge Smith deferred sentencing Stans.

Good Name. Stans, who had once pleaded righteously with the Senate Watergate Committee in televised hearings "to give me back my good name," thus found his name irrevocably linked with two other Nixon Cabinet members convicted of crimes. They are former Attorneys General John Mitchell and Richard Kleindienst.

In contrast to the jaunty Stans, a subdued and sorrowful LaRue last week learned the penalty he must pay for conspiring to obstruct justice in the Watergate cover-up. The mild-mannered Mississippi oil heir had admitted taking part in the payoffs to the burglars and had testified for the Government in the trial that led to the convictions of H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, Robert Marston and Mitchell. LaRue, a former aide to Mitchell at Nixon's re-election committee, was sentenced by Federal Judge John J. Sirica to six months in jail.

Faring far better was Gordon Strachan, 31, a former Haldeman aide who had been indicted for conspiracy in the cover-up. His trial had been separated from that of the convicted conspirators because of legal complications arising from partial grants of immunity given to secure his testimony before the Senate Watergate Committee. Strachan emerged wholly free as Special Prosecutor Henry S. Ruth Jr. revealed that the Government was no longer interested in prosecuting him. Testimony at the conspiracy trial had shown that Strachan's involvement, if any, had been peripheral and as a messenger for Haldeman.

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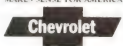
(even without radials) offers so much—for so much less?

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*Based on comparison of Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices between Nova Coupe and the new Nova "S" Coupe. Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of the new Nova "S" is \$8,995.

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POLITICS

Best Employment Agency in Town

After the Democratic landslide last fall, it looked as if a lot of lame-duck Republicans were going to have to leave Washington—a fate dreaded by politicians who have grown accustomed to the power and perquisites available in the nation's capital. But the anxieties of many of them have been allayed; they are going to stay put, thanks to the benevolence of President Ford who once served in Congress with them. He has already appointed a dozen G.O.P. election losers to Government at salaries not too far below their congressional pay of \$42,500 a year, or in some cases even higher.

Among those favored

► Earl Ruth, 59, Governor of American Samoa at \$45,000 a year. A three-term Representative from North Carolina who calls himself a "country boy." Ruth has never been to Samoa. But he is sure his experience as dean of students at Catawba College in his home state will help him supervise the 28,000

Polynesians in his jurisdiction. He plans to be "firm but at the same time give the people all the leeway possible."

► Wilmer David ("Vinegar Bend") Mizell, 44, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Development at \$38,000 a year. A North Carolina Congressman and onetime major league pitcher with the St. Louis Cardinals and Pittsburgh Pirates, Mizell served on a House subcommittee handling aid to depressed areas. "This is my kind of ballgame so to speak," he says of his new job. "I think the opportunity to serve in an area where I had such a real interest and involvement led me to stay."

► William Scherle, 52, Assistant Deputy Administrator for programs of the Agriculture Stabilization and Conservation Service at \$36,000. Defeated after eight years as an Iowa Representative, Scherle keeps track of fuel needs of farmers in his new post and advises them on tax rebates and refunds. "I have 27 years of experience as a grain and livestock farmer," he explains. "The job sought out the man."

► Lawrence Williams, 61, Special Assistant to the Co-Chairman of the Ozarks Regional Commission at \$34,000. A Pennsylvania Representative,

Williams cannot claim special knowledge of the Ozarks. But he will help plan projects for economic development of the depressed area. Says a White House aide who helped him get the post: "He's happy as hell."

Representatives are not the only beneficiaries of Ford's safety net. When Peter Dominick, 59, lost his Senate seat to Democrat Gary Hart, he asked the President for an ambassadorship. He got one, to Switzerland, at \$38,000 a year, but he will have expense and entertainment allowances totaling \$48,700.

When specific jobs are not available, losers can be hired as consultants. Two defeated Tennessee Congressmen—LaMar Baker and Dan Kuykendall—have signed on as advisers to the Department of Transportation. Baker, 59, who was a member of the House Public Works Committee, will earn \$36,000 a year lobbying for the department among his former colleagues. Kuykendall, 50, who helped write the legislation creating the U.S. Railway Association, will offer part-time advice on how to put the plan into operation.

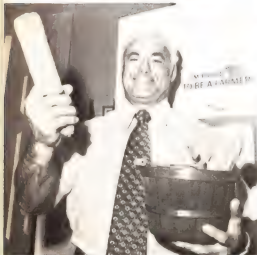
Another source of employment is the Federal Elections Commission, set up to oversee the new campaign financing law. Three of its six \$38,000-a-year seats have been filled with losers. The President appointed one: former Missouri Congressman Tom Curtis, 63, who lost his Senate race against Tom Eagleton. Two others were named by House party leaders: Rhode-Island Democrat Robert Tienan, 46, and Wisconsin Republican Vernon Thomson, 69.

Beating Doors. Some losers lobbied hard for their jobs. Mizell paid a call on most of the Republican members of the Public Works Committee, pleading his interest. Two dozen letters were sent to the White House on his behalf. Harold Froelich, 42, who lost his congressional seat in Wisconsin, rounded up no fewer than 155 supporters in the House who urged his appointment to the Elections Commission (he did not get the job). All things considered, the pressure on the White House to take care of the casualties could have been worse. "I was gearing up for an onslaught," said a White House aide in charge of job distribution. "And it never came. I figured at least half of the defeated Congressmen would be beating down our doors, and only about a quarter did. Most of the guys would write and say: 'Mr. President, I've had X years in Congress and if you can use me, then I'll help you in any way I can.'"

A few, on the other hand, have been picky. A G.O.P. official complains about former Indiana Congressman Roger Zion, 53. "He's been going around bitching about not getting anything. And then when we try him out on something, he doesn't want it." But Zion and several other deserving Republicans are likely to get what they want before the obliging White House runs out of jobs for the losers.



NEW AMBASSADOR PETER DOMINICK



AGRICULTURE'S WILLIAM J. SCHERLE



COMMERCE'S WILMER MIZELL



TRANSPORTATION'S DAN KUYKENDALL



LINE OF NO-LONGER-NEEDED JET PLANES AT MILITARY AIRCRAFT STORAGE & DISPOSITION CENTER IN TUCSON

AMERICAN SCENE

The Great Arizona Aircraft Apron

A prospector who stumbled out of the mountains that ring the Arizona desert might be forgiven for trying to blink away a mirage. Below, on the hot sands near Tucson, shimmers probably the largest collection of aircraft ever assembled in one place in the history of the world. Some of the 6,000 vehicles are arrayed in neat rows that seem to curve off to the horizon; others swarm and cluster like a plague of monstrous locusts. Spread over 2,500 acres is an air armada that seems big enough to start World War III or, judging by the vintage of some of the craft, to replay World War II or any lesser conflict of the intervening years. Phalanxes of helicopters, their windows painted over, large numbers on their blunt noses, bear an eerie resemblance to massed football linemen. The air base is not some secret, *Seven Days in May* outpost, but the Pentagon's Military Aircraft Storage and Disposition Center (MASDC), a giant parking apron for aged or unneeded aircraft. TIME Correspondent Roland Flamini visited MASDC to roam among its aerial mastodons and talk with their keepers.

The mind-boggling gallimaufry of planes range in size from the bulky C-124 "flying boxcars" of the '50s to a tiny, two-seater helicopter. Dominating the scene is a formation of 36 enormous B-52 intercontinental bombers, tied to the ground with wire as if to prevent them from flying off on their own. They dwarf a swarm of shining Navy combat jets parked five abreast, and beyond them, a row of Grumman Tracers with radar mounted like toadstools on top. Elsewhere are scores of F-4 Phantom IIs, looking like hooded hawks, their cockpit windows sprayed with a protective plastic, and squadrons of F-102 Delta Dagger fighter-interceptors.

Ideally situated in the warm, dry climate of Arizona, the base opened in 1946 as a storage place for battle-worn

Air Force squadrons; since 1965 it has accommodated surplus Army and Navy aircraft as well. By now the inventory ranges from workhorse World War II C-47s to sleek F-111 fighters, from two-seater orange "bug smashers" on which the Army trained its chopper pilots for Viet Nam to dozens of "Super Jolly Green Giant" helicopters that flew Viet Nam troop-carrying and rescue missions. Some are there because they are not needed now, and others because they will never be needed again.

"When I was made commander of this place, I thought, 'What did I do to inherit a junkyard?'" says Air Force Colonel Henry Gronewald, who has had the job since June 1974. In fact, Gronewald has more planes under his command than any other base commander in the U.S. Air Force. He soon discovered that the base he commands is more than a giant junkyard, although one MASDC task is reclaiming usable parts from those planes that will never fly again. The Pentagon transmits a weekly computerized "save list," and in a special hangar MASDC maintenance mechanics go to work removing anything from a ball bearing to a tail section. Reclaimed jet engines awaiting shipment hang in rows like sides of beef.

An equally important job of MASDC is selling off surplus planes either to friendly foreign governments or on the open market at periodic public auctions. Business is brisk. Among the buyers are airplane dealers, corporate agents, crop-dusting outfits and aircraft-leasing operators. Foreign customers have included Honduras, Peru and the Republic of China. No bombers are sold no matter how friendly the foreign government, and thus far, Gronewald points out, there have been no sales to any Arab countries. "The Arabs buy new," he observes. Last year MASDC salvaged \$206 million worth of spare parts; sold, donated (to federal or state agencies) or returned to service \$450 million worth of

aircraft; and collected \$3 million from the sale of scrap.

Many of the planes stored at Tucson have a proud history, and from time to time, some have been pressed into service to meet a national crisis. During the 1948-49 Berlin airlift, scores of World War II transporters were hustled out of the desert sanctuary. Airworthy combat planes came out of moth balls at the outbreak of the Korean War, and hundreds of single-engine A1-E fighters that had served in Korea saw action again in Viet Nam. Recently the Pentagon ordered a number of troop-carrying helicopters back to the line.

Drop Area. One of Gronewald's first acts on taking over the Tucson storage base was to check the inventory for any planes he had piloted himself and, sure enough, he found an old tanker from 20 years ago. A similar brand of nostalgia stabs flyers and ex-pilots who are welcome to the regular monthly tours of the base. "Sometimes a guy sees his old plane and almost breaks into tears," says Air Force Lieut. William Kohler, the tour guide. "Then we have to stop the bus and the stories start."

Not all planes merit the museum treatment. Those destined for collection by scrap merchants are left in the most remote corner of the Tucson center. Many pilots and other lovers of aircraft find this "drop area" distinctly unsettling and tend to avoid it. Everything salvageable from the planes stored here has been cut, pried or wrenched off. Only hollow shells are left. A couple of flying boxcars sprawled wheelless on the ground look like great, ungainly fish, beached and gaffed. The last half-dozen B-47 bombers, or what is left of them, dip crazily, their wing tips on the ground, their engines, control panels and seats gone. Dozens of skeletal Air Force F-84Fs of Korean War vintage await collection by the scrap dealers who bought them. The dealers do not have far to travel. MASDC is ringed with scrap contractors' furnaces, where the planes are broken down and the aluminum from them smelted on the spot. The pride of yesterday's wild blue yonder becomes tomorrow's beer cans.

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"IT'S A SONY."

MIDDLE EAST

Searching for a Second-Stage Deal

"The Arabs cannot make war without the Egyptians, and they cannot make peace without the Palestinians."

That assessment, by a longtime confidant of Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's, seemed to describe the complex problem facing U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger last week as he stepped up the tempo of his shuttle diplomacy in quest of a second-stage disengagement agreement.

Egypt is reluctant to go to war again with Israel over the Sinai. Kissinger last week moved from earlier exploratory talks on "ideas and elements" to the more difficult matter of concrete proposals. His task was to draw up guarantees that both Cairo and Jerusalem could live with. His negotiations were complicated by the fact that not only the Palestine Liberation Organization but Syria as well wanted a piece of the peace. Kissinger was reluctant to have them too much involved. Sadat, on the other hand, had to try to get some promise of movement toward disengagement on the Golan Heights and a resolution of the future of the West Bank. Otherwise, the Egyptian President would be in trouble with other Arab powers for selfishly trying to go it alone.

Significant Switch. Neither Kissinger nor the Israelis are willing to deal at this point with the P.L.O., particularly in the wake of the Fatah terrorist attack on Tel Aviv's Savoy Hotel two weeks ago (TIME, March 17). That raid, as P.L.O. spokesmen made clear, was designed to discredit the Secretary's peace-keeping mission. Last week Syrian President Hafez Assad tried to pull the Palestinians into the negotiations. Assad, who has switched significantly from opposing second-stage talks between Israel and Egypt to demanding a role in them for Syria, suddenly proposed a joint Syrian-Palestinian military command that would continue to fight for the recovery of Palestinian land from Israel. His proposal was obviously designed to put pressure on Sadat and keep him part of a united Arab confrontation front. The move appeared to take even some Palestinians by surprise.

In spite of such difficulties, Kissinger remained optimistic about the out-

come of his tenth round of personalized Middle East negotiations. "My view is that we are making progress slowly," he told U.S. newsmen as he flew from Aswan to Jerusalem at week's end. He appeared perceptibly relaxed as his Air Force jet settled into a cross-weave routine of flights between Aswan, Tel Aviv and Damascus (see box following page). At midweek he was confident enough about the pace of discussions to undertake a side trip to Ankara, where he discussed the Cyprus situation with Turkish leaders. They displayed a greater willingness to discuss the future of the divided island with the government of

Privately, both sides seemed to be backing down from intransigent positions they had earlier assumed in public, largely for bargaining purposes. The Israelis were talking for the first time about settling for "elements of nonbelligerency," which was an easing of their previous insistence on a nonbelligerency pact, period. Sadat, who had insisted that there must be Israeli movement toward peacemaking on all three fronts—Sinai, the Golan Heights and the West Bank—amended that to a softer "gesture of peace on three fronts." The timing of these concessions appeared to be as critical as the concessions themselves.

PETER G. LEONARDI/NEWS



Greece, even though the Turks remain angry about a congressionally imposed cutoff of U.S. military aid.

One reason for Kissinger's optimism was that both Israel and Egypt continued to keep secret the possible shape of a second-stage agreement involving the Sinai. That meant both were bargaining in earnest. Kissinger was seeking to reconcile Egypt's demand for the recovery of occupied land with Israel's insistence on some form of nonbelligerency guarantee. "We have just entered the fog," Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin told members of his government who had not sat in on the latest round of negotiations with Kissinger. Sadat, meanwhile, told a group of Egyptian editors and Cabinet ministers that there was at most a 20% chance that the current talks would fail—implying that the odds were 4 to 1 they would succeed.

Israeli spokesmen also revived the so-called 30/50 plan that the Israeli government first proposed last December. Under that plan, the concessions on either side could be considerably lessened. Israel would pull back on a line 30 to 50 kilometers from its present first-stage disengagement positions, but would retain the Mitla and Gidi passes and the Abu Rudeis oil fields that Sadat badly wants. Egypt, in return, would give a very limited commitment of nonbelligerence. The revival of the 30/50 plan appeared to be a last-ditch contingency proposal that would be used to salvage the negotiations if it finally appeared that nothing more could be gained by shuttle diplomacy.

Israel obviously hoped that Kissinger could negotiate much more than that minimum, including a larger buffer zone between forces, thinning out of troops

THE WORLD

on either side and a more lasting and more effective United Nations observer force in the Sinai. The contingency planning reflected Israeli worries that Kissinger may have lost some of his magic since the first round of disengagement talks last year. The latest popularity poll on the Secretary by the newspaper *Haaretz* shows that only 30% of Israelis think favorably of his approach; last June his popularity rating stood at 63%.

There is some disillusionment on the Arab side as well. Visiting Damascus, Kissinger was firmly lectured by Assad, who charged that the U.S. was an un dependable friend who had deserted South Viet Nam, Cambodia and Turkey and might one day desert tiny Israel too. For that reason, Assad insisted, Sadat was a fool to trust Washington too much. Kissinger's answer was that the U.S. does indeed stand by its friends and allies.

Syrian Pitfall. Assad's proposal for setting up a joint command with the Palestinians was received politely by P.L.O. Leader Yasser Arafat. "We are together on the road of struggle," Arafat cabled Assad. Privately, however, some P.L.O. leaders were worried about what one Egyptian diplomat last week termed "the Syrian pitfall." That is, the Palestinians risk the loss of sympathy and support from other Arab states who might become nervous if the P.L.O. aligned itself too closely with Damascus. The more radical states would be particularly peeved; a case in point is Iraq, whose truculent Baath leaders are making up with imperial Iran (see story page 37) but still have little use for Assad, whom they consider too mild a socialist.

Moderate states like Egypt, on the other hand, would not be in favor of a Syrian-P.L.O. alliance either. Sadat wants to woo Arafat away from Syria and the Soviets, whose roving Middle East envoy, Vladimir Vinogradov, was also in the region last week. He conferred with Jordanian officials in an ostentatious effort to blunt the Kissinger negotiations.

The Secretary has shuttled the Middle East long enough to read the moods and manners of the people he is dealing with. The Russians, despite Vinogradov's visit, are still willing, for the time being, to let the Kissinger shuttle function. Assad appears to follow a by now familiar technique: resistance to moderate negotiating proposals until the climax of discussions, at which point he suddenly becomes flexible and realistic. Meanwhile, the more somber Sadat appears, the more thoughtful he becomes. Visiting the Egyptian President's bougainvillea-draped winter residence at Aswan last week, *TIME* Correspondent Wilton Wynn found Sadat deep in discussion with military and diplomatic advisers and almost oblivious to other activity around him. The prognosis for Kissinger, all in all, still appeared to be good.

The Shuttle Deus and His Machine

Henry Kissinger took time last week to inspect the temples at Philae near Aswan, where he had been conferring with President Anwar Sadat. "I really love ancient Egyptians," said Kissinger, as a guide droned on about Isis, the goddess of fertility to whom the largest Philae temple is dedicated.

In fact, reports *TIME*'s Diplomatic

whose hand baggage includes Israeli-made Uzi submachine guns. There are also 15 newsmen and an Air Force crew of twelve, headed by Major Douglas Glime, 37, a former combat pilot who logged 100 missions over North Viet Nam, and who sometimes startles his passengers by putting the big blue-and-white Boeing into tight fighter turns.

After each round of negotiations, Kissinger conducts a press briefing. He reveals no details, stressing instead the mood of the talks. He shifts from on to off the record, or becomes the unspecified "senior official" who by now is a familiar passenger. When it suits his purpose, he obfuscates. "You must accept the fact," Kissinger will say, "that many problems you want to clear up as newsmen are those which as a diplomat it is in my interest to confuse."

Kissinger occasionally catnaps on one of two bunks in the green stateroom he is sharing on this shuttle with Wife Nancy. From time to time he consults a fat blue looseleaf notebook crammed with constantly updated bargaining positions, options and alternatives, or studies the flood of incoming "Tosec" or outgoing "Secto" cables (550 in the first week of the latest shuttle) that pass in code between his Air Force jet and Washington. Kissinger steadfastly refuses to use a telephone. "I won't talk on the phone," he barked at an aide who suggested an airborne call. "I don't want 600 intelligence organizations listening to my conversation."

Even at moments of seeming relaxation, Kissinger manages to maintain an aura of mystery and tension. Last week the Secretary, dressed in blue shorts and a white terry-cloth beach jacket, was sunning himself beside the pool of the New Cataract Hotel in Aswan when an aide rushed up with a secret message. Kissinger walked away from attentive newsmen to read the missive. "Can we do that?" he asked. "Yes," replied the aide. Kissinger returned to talk with the reporters, but did not tell them until they boarded the plane that they were to make an unscheduled flight to Ankara.

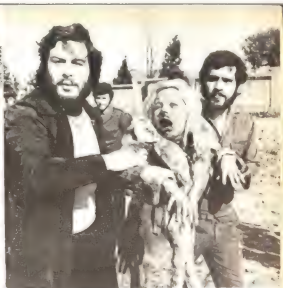
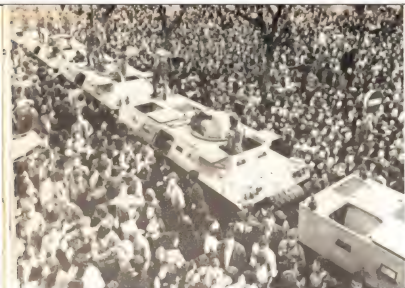
On two of the most familiar legs of the tour—Damascus and Aswan—arrivals and departures have by now become routine. In Jerusalem, on the other hand, Kissinger delights in the flock of excited American tourists who gather in the King David Hotel lobby to applaud and snap his picture. He has become such an attraction there that before the latest shuttle, the hotel's management wrote a pleading letter asking him not to carry out "an act of aggression against the King David" by switching to the newer Jerusalem Hilton. With enough aggression to deal with already, Kissinger acceded.



KISSINGER SUNNING AT ASWAN

Editor Jerrold L. Schecter, a veteran of three previous shuttles, there is little time for relaxation on the airborne Middle East shuttle. "What I need is a fur-lined straitjacket," sighed the Secretary of State as he climbed aboard his Air Force 707 after a hard day's negotiating, and unbent in the correspondents' aft cabin, which newsmen have christened "the torture chamber."

There are 62 people aboard the plane, referred to as "Nine Seventy" after its registration number, 8970. They include 25 State Department employees, ranging from Undersecretary of State Joseph J. Sisco down to secretaries, cryptographers and Secret Service men.



TANKS SURROUND NATIONAL GUARD HEADQUARTERS IN LISBON (LEFT), WHILE WOMAN WOUNDED AT BOMBED BARRACKS (RIGHT) IS LED AWAY

PORTUGAL

The Left Tightens Up Its Grip

Shortly before noon, two small, slow-moving specks appeared out of blustery skies and wheeled through scudding clouds over Lisbon. The T-6 Harvard trainers, familiar relics of World War II and the oldest and least combat-worthy planes in Portugal's entire air force, made a diving run toward the city's commercial airport. They dropped three small bombs on a nearby barracks housing the 1st Light Artillery Regiment, then swooped in once more for a desultory strafing run on the compound, using 30-cal. machine guns.

On the ground, 50 paratroopers in battle gear, who had been unloaded earlier from eight Alouette helicopters, took up positions around the barracks, at neighboring apartment buildings and along the highway. As two helicopter gunships whirled overhead loosing random bursts of fire, the paratroopers advanced, after a fashion, on the barracks. The shootout lasted scarcely an hour. One infantryman was killed, and 18 were wounded.

Reactionary Adventures. As soon as the uprising erupted, the government rushed reinforcements into position around the presidential palace at Belem and the headquarters of the rightist Republican National Guard. Less than three hours after the aerial attack, Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves announced that the coup had been crushed. That night President Francisco da Costa Gomes denounced it as "a reactionary adventure" designed to disrupt the forthcoming elections and named his old friend, former President António de Spínola, 64, as its leader.

But was it a serious coup attempt? With two antique planes, eight helicopter gunships and half a hundred remarkably restrained paratroopers, it hardly

seemed credible. Two theories circulated in Lisbon and elsewhere:

1) It was in fact an attempted coup but one prematurely triggered, either by moderate-to-rightist officers who were growing restive over growing radical power in Portugal, or by radicals who wanted to see it crushed before it could become more dangerous.

2) It was a put-up job by the most extreme leftist members of Portugal's Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.), who are impatient with the pace of reform since the revolution of April 1974 and fretful that centrist or rightist elements might hold sway. Accordingly, they wanted an excuse to root out their foes on the eve of the scheduled April 12 elections for a constituent assembly.

If it was a conservative attempt, a U.S. official noted in Washington, "it was just so obviously and stupidly counterproductive. It has allowed the radicals to institutionalize their position."

The radicals within the government certainly seized on the affair with alacrity to consolidate their position. In an all-night session, the 200-member M.F.A., which has played a controlling role behind the scenes in the provisional coalition government headed by Costa Gomes, granted itself vast new powers. The leftist-dominated officers voted to "institutionalize" themselves in a Revolutionary Council that will be authorized to override the decisions of any elected civilian assembly—if there is one—and to enact legislation. Then the Revolutionary Council announced that one of its first tasks would be to outlaw fringe parties of the extreme left and right. The most likely candidates: the small, conservative Christian Democratic Party, whose leader was accused of complicity in the coup; and the Mao-

ist-oriented Movement for the Reorganization of the Proletariat Party, composed mostly of Lisbon students, which has frequently disrupted other parties' rallies. Next day the Council announced that it would nationalize banks of Portuguese ownership.

What Spínola's precise role was in the affair is still something of a mystery. Spínola helped to overthrow the regime of Dictator Marcello Caetano last April, then was himself ousted in a power struggle with the younger officers of the M.F.A. last September, primarily because he opposed the rapid decolonization of Portugal's African territories. Since then, the conservative general has remained pretty much in seclusion. Recently, however, various political groups reportedly tried to win his support.

Clampdown. The morning of the attack, Spínola was seen at the Tancos airbase north of the capital, where the rebellion was launched. One of those who saw him there was Captain Salgueiro Maia, who became a popular hero after he led a tank column into Lisbon during the April revolution. According to Maia, after the coup failed, Spínola remarked: "So you didn't advance on Lisbon?" Another officer replied: "We are not that crazy." Said Maia later: "General Spínola must have been extraordinarily badly informed because he said that he guaranteed the entire situation and that all of the forces obeyed him."

Despite an immediate clampdown on private and commercial flights, Spínola, his wife and 18 officers fled in four helicopters to a Spanish military base near Badajoz. Some Portuguese suggested that the government had allowed the once prestigious general to flee so as not to be forced to put him on trial. Spínola himself reportedly said that he feared assassination. At week's end Spínola and the other officers flew to Brazil to seek asylum.

The day after the abortive coup, at least 100 people were detained on sus-



FORMER PRESIDENT SPÍNOLA



PRESIDENT COSTA GOMES



PREMIER GONÇALVES

Obviously and stupidly counterproductive.

picion of helping to organize and finance the plot. Among them were eight top bankers and one of Portugal's richest men, Jorge de Mello, whose family controls the Companhia União Fabril (C.U.F.), the biggest industrial complex on the Iberian peninsula. De Mello was later released. Officers thought to be pro-Spinola were also being rounded up. In the confusion, one man was shot dead and a woman companion wounded. Said a British observer: "The arrests are now spreading from people involved in the coup to conservatively inclined centrists not directly involved."

Persona Grata. As usual, there were suggestions of CIA involvement. General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, 37, the hot-tempered head of COPCON, the military security command, indirectly implicated American Ambassador Frank Carlucci in the plot and warned him that he "had better leave." Washington denied any involvement, however, and calmer heads in Lisbon declared that Carlucci was still *persona grata*.

Ever since Carlucci arrived in Portugal two months ago, the far left has been accusing him of having close ties with the CIA. A 15-year Foreign Service veteran, Carlucci, 44, has spent the past five years in Washington, most recently as Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. "What we are witnessing in Lisbon," Carlucci told TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott, "is a well-oiled, well-directed smear campaign." As an example, he cited a newspaper story that he had served in Chile and had given Spínola the green light for last week's coup. "Well," said Carlucci, "I have never met Spínola and have never been in Chile."

One thing that emerged clearly from the coup attempt was that political moderates in Portugal have suffered a setback. Whether it will prove fatal remains to be seen. The government announced that next month's elections will be held as scheduled, but they may

not mean a great deal if enough fringe parties are banned.

Even before last week's events, campaigning had taken an increasingly ugly turn. Polls showed the moderate Popular Democratic Party and the center Democratic Social Party picking up nearly 60% of the vote between them, with the Communists and radical fringe trailing with a mere 15-17%. The two parties worked closely to prevent Communist maneuvering from disrupting the election process. But they were not always successful, and on a number of occasions leftist thugs broke up their rallies.

In Washington, officials tried to be optimistic about the current negotiations with Lisbon regarding U.S. bases in the Azores. Said one high-ranking State Department man: "Portugal hasn't abandoned the West yet, nor has it turned into what you could call a military dictatorship. None of us can believe that a country that so recently freed itself from one sort of dictatorship would lightly or easily revert to another sort of dictatorship. Let's wait and see what happens in the April elections."

IRAQ

Crushing the Kurds

The Zagros Mountains of Eastern Iraq reverberated last week with the thud of bombs and tank shells as Iraqi troops moved forcefully against Kurdish dissidents dug in on the snow-covered slopes. The heaviest fighting yet in a rebellion that has dragged on for nearly two decades was startling but expectable. Iraq was finally able to move against the Kurds after patching up relations with Iran, which for years had provided the Kurds with the means to withstand Baghdad's most determined attempts to dislodge them.

The Iraq-Iran reconciliation took place two weeks ago in Algiers at the

summit meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries. Shortly before that conference ended, Algerian President Houari Boumedienne dramatically announced that the two neighbors had agreed to settle "problems" that had made them bitter enemies for almost half a century. As the OPEC delegates cheered wildly, Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi and Iraqi Strongman Saddam Hussein Takriti embraced each other.

Refugees. Saddam Hussein apparently got the best of the brotherly arrangement. Iran and Iraq agreed to begin negotiations this week in Tehran that will revise—in Iran's favor—long-disputed land and water boundaries, notably along the river known as the Shatt al-Arab. The two countries also agreed that they would no longer help "provocative elements," a scarcely disguised reference to the Kurdish dissidents who, with Iran's backing, have fought the Baghdad government for 17 years.

The Kurds, an estimated 100,000 of whom are fighting under longtime Leader Mulla Mustafa Barzani, 76, are a non-Arab Moslem nation of mountain people whose ancient homeland covers parts of Iraq, Iran, Turkey, Syria and the Soviet Union. Iran has successfully integrated 650,000 of its own Kurds. Baghdad has promised the Kurds autonomy and proportionate representation in Iraq's Arab, socialist government. But Barzani has held out for independence, and since 1958, his forces have been sniping at the Iraqi army from mountain redoubts near the Iranian border.

Over the years, Iran has given the Kurds several hundred million dollars' worth of military equipment as well as spending \$100 million a year to care for 100,000 Kurdish refugees from Iraq. With that aid cut off—even Tehran newspapers last week eliminated all mention of the Kurds—the situation looked desperate for the Kurds. They were attacked by waves of Soviet-sup-



plied Tupolev bombers and T-62 tanks; Baghdad jubilantly reported hundreds of rebels killed. Kurdish spokesmen insisted that Barzani's forces had shot down two Iraqi jets, destroyed six tanks and had killed 300 Iraqi soldiers.

Apparently the Shah did not anticipate that the Iraqis would move against the Kurdish rebels with such haste and ferocity. At week's end Iraq, at Iran's request, declared a two-week cease-fire to allow dissident Kurds to leave the country. After that, Baghdad vowed, it would use every military force to crush the rebellion once and for all.

GREECE

One of the Last Tycoons

"All that really counts these days is money," Aristotle Onassis once said. "It's the people with money who are the royalty now." By that maxim, the ambitious, expansive Greek shipping magnate was a king of kings. Until he died of bronchial pneumonia in Paris last week at age 69, after months of suffering from myasthenia gravis (a debilitating disease that weakens the body muscles), Onassis had flamboyantly ruled an empire of ocean tankers and airlines, banks, real estate holdings and trading companies. His total worth, despite financial reverses in recent months, was estimated to be at least \$500 million.

Unlike many of his reclusive peers in that small realm of the super-super-rich, Onassis knew how to spend as lavishly as he earned. Known around the world as "Ari" or "Daddy-O" (his Greek friends, however, called him "Telis," the diminutive of Aristotle), he was the prime mover of the jet set. He had residences in half a dozen cities, an Ionian island of his own and an elegant art collection. He boasted the world's most lavish yacht, the *Christina*, a 325-ft. rebuilt Canadian frigate complete with sumptuous bathrooms lined in Siena marble and fitted with gold-plated faucets. He also—as gossip-column readers well knew—enjoyed the company of beautiful and famous women. Fittingly, he had the ultimate jet-set consort: he startled the world by marrying Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy on Oct. 20, 1968.

Onassis was not to the villa born. The son of a Greek tobacco merchant, he grew up in the Turkish city of Smyrna. At age 17 he left his family, who by then had fled to Greece, and traveled by steerage to Argentina with less than \$60 in his pocket. By the time he was 23, he had parlayed his earnings from odd jobs (such as dishwashing and working as a telephone lineman) into a million-dollar business that included cigarette manufacturing, dealing in rugs, hides and furs, and operating a decrepit tramp freighter. His formula: 20-hour work days, a penchant for juggling several deals at one time, an ability to unravel the complex maritime laws



ONASSIS WITH FIRST WIFE TINA (1954)



WITH OPERA DIVA MARIA CALLAS (1959)



Onassis was also willing to take risks. During the Depression he bought merchant ships at rock-bottom prices, even though there was a world glut of cargo capacity. In World War II, those aging vessels earned him huge profits by carrying supplies for the Allies. Later he pioneered the supertanker, building a fleet of at least 50 oil carriers.

An exuberant bachelor until he was 40, Onassis in 1946 married 17-year-old Athina ("Tina") Livanos, daughter of one of Greece's most powerful shipping tycoons, Stavros Livanos. The marriage also made Onassis the brother-in-law of Shipper Stavros Niarchos, his rival for wealth, status and flamboyance.

The marriage had dynastic overtones, but in the late 1950s Onassis struck up a long-playing romance with tempestuous Opera Diva Maria Callas. In 1960, Tina sued for divorce, after having given Onassis a son and heir, Alexander, and a daughter, Christina. Onassis' affair with Callas lasted nearly a decade, but by 1968, according to a friend, he was passionately in love with Jackie Kennedy. Their marriage prompted banner—and not always friendly—headlines throughout the world. JACKIE, HOW COULD YOU? asked *Stockholm's Expressen*.

Belly Dancers. After the honeymoon, the marriage was filled with what one intimate of Ari's called "the nights of long silences." Jackie loved concerts, ballet and theater; Onassis preferred raucous *houzouki* music, belly dancers and at times the company of roistering Greek businessmen. Much of the time they lived separate lives. Jackie had visited her husband, who had been in the hospital for five weeks, a few days earlier but was in New York City last week at the time of his death. When they were both in Manhattan, she resided with her children Caroline and John Jr. at her 15-room Fifth Avenue apartment, while Ari stayed in a suite at the Hotel Pierre. Nonetheless, intimates insist, there was much mutual affection and consideration in the marriage.

Life changed dramatically for Onassis two years ago, when his son Alexander, then 24, was killed in a plane crash. "He aged overnight," observed a close associate. "He suddenly became an old man." In business negotiations he was uncharacteristically absent-minded, irrational and petulant.

In his last public appearances, the lingering effects of myasthenia gravis were apparent; his eyelids were taped open because his muscles had become too weak to hold them up. With Onassis' death, the world lost one of its most extraordinary entrepreneurs. However, he left little legacy—no monuments, no great acts of philanthropy, no record of achievement other than a succession of business deals. All that remains is the memory of a vital, tough, self-made millionaire who clearly believed that living well was the best revenge and, more than most mortals, could exact and enact it.

WITH JACKIE AT MARRIAGE CEREMONY (1968)

HISTORICAL NOTES

Sex and Those Eminent Victorians

The 20th century has long been fascinated by what it considers one of the odder aberrations of the 19th: Victorian morality. British Historian J.H. Plumb has aptly described "the Victorian's schizophrenic attitude—the conspiracy of silence, the excessive modesty that made the sight of a female ankle wildly erotic, contrasted with the baby prostitutes in the Strand." American Scholar Steven Marcus, in his study *The Other Victorians*, wrote of "a world part fantasy, part nightmare, part hallucination and part madhouse." Last week London was atwitter over not one but two

Publicly, Gladstone was not the least ashamed of what he called his "rescue work" with tarts. In 1853, he permitted a would-be blackmailer to make this work public rather than pay hush money. Gladstone's political career—he was then Chancellor of the Exchequer and righteous apostle of the balanced budget—was unharmed because Victorian society preferred to regard his evening excursions as an eccentric pet charity.

Historians dealt with this aspect of his life delicately because they sensed that the real story lay bound in leather and sealed in wax in the 41 volumes of

Gladstone's diary, which his sons deposited with the Archbishop of Canterbury. The volumes, covering his life from 1840 to 1854, are now being published by Oxford University Press. They show that Gladstone was so guilt-stricken over what he regarded as shameful sexual thoughts that he frequently went home after his "rescue" meetings with prostitutes and whipped himself. Then he carefully noted the episodes of flagellation in his diary with a discreet little illustration of a stick with a thong, much like a Michelin Guide to masochism.

The first of these episodes appears in 1851—Gladstone was then 41—after a visit to a woman named Elizabeth Collins. "Received (unexpectedly) and remained 2 hours a strange and humbling scene," says the diary cryptically. What precisely went on in that scene probably will never be known, although before he died, Gladstone assured his son, equally cryptically, that he had never "been guilty of the act which is known as that of

infidelity to the marriage bed."

The diary makes clear that Gladstone suffered extreme sexual frustration. He writes of "dangerous curiosity and filthiness of spirit... the extraordinary tenacity of the evil in me." Before taking to the streets, Gladstone tried sublimation through reading pornography (in Latin and French), but he admitted to his diary that he deliberately preferred to "court evil." Why? As he wrote in the diary: "Has it been sufficiently considered how far pain may become a ground of enjoyment?"

Less strange to modern eyes is the inside story that emerges from the spyder script that records the attempts to play down the notorious "Cleveland Street case." On July 4, 1889, a young telegraph messenger named Swincock told police that he and other boys earned

extra money at a well-known male brothel at 19 Cleveland Street, in London's Tottenham Court Road district.

Police stalked out the brothel and gathered evidence against various social nabobs for prosecution under a law that prohibited acts of "gross indecency" between male homosexuals (women were exempt under the law because Victoria found it inconceivable that they could commit similar acts). But only two people were ever prosecuted in the case: George Veck, an unlucky and obscure 40-year-old Anglican clergyman, and another young messenger named Henry Newlove. They were hustled into Old Bailey, pleaded guilty to violating the homosexual statute and got light sentences. The press was cowed into near silence; one editor was sentenced to twelve months for libel for naming a high-born participant who was never brought to trial. But gossip spread. The *Pall Mall Gazette* complained of unnamed lords who "swagger at large and are even welcomed as valuable allies of the administration of the day."

Block Sheep. The biggest fish eventually caught in the police net was Lord Arthur ("Podge") Somerset, 38, son of the Duke of Beaufort, major in the elite Royal Horse Guards and manager of the Prince of Wales' racing stables. The director of public prosecutions wanted to try Somerset, but Home Secretary Henry Matthews warned against any "fishing enquiries about other charges and other persons." The Lord Chancellor wrote a secret opinion opposing prosecution, and Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, backed him up.

They were also clearly concerned about stories that implicated an even more eminent Victorian: Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, 25, the black sheep grandson of Queen Victoria and son of the Prince of Wales. A known bisexual libertine, young Prince Eddy has also been named by some authorities as the real Jack the Ripper, but the police apparently had no more solid evidence against him in this case than in the Ripper murders. Pressure also came from the Prince of Wales, who sent titled emissaries to the police with the message that he was "very anxious" and wanted Somerset cleared quickly.

The government wilted under the public outcry, and the press reported that "at last the conspiracy to hush up this scandal is breaking down." On Nov. 12, 1889, a warrant was issued for Lord Arthur's arrest, but by then he had left the country. Some experts say that he ended offering his services to the Sultan in Constantinople, where the laws were more lenient, but the present Duke of Beaufort's family has denied researchers access to the family records on their notorious forebear. As for No. 19 Cleveland Street, it was torn down in the 1920s to make way for an eminently respectable institution, which by sheer geographical happenstance is called the Middlesex Hospital.



WILLIAM GLADSTONE POSING WITH WIFE CATHERINE
A strange tale to tell on the last day.

sex scandals that came to light when some documents dating from the days when that curious world still flourished were finally unsealed. Both episodes involve a number of eminent Victorians, neither has suffered from aging.

One story comes from the private diaries of William Ewart Gladstone, Queen Victoria's least favorite Prime Minister, who, in his avowed efforts to save prostitutes from sin, apparently indulged in unspecified sexual pleasures and then scourged himself in punishment. The other, released by the Public Records office, discloses an unsuccessful cover-up by the British Cabinet and Buckingham Palace, which tried to suppress the facts about the homosexual activities of Lord Arthur Somerset, equerry to the then Prince of Wales who in 1901 became King Edward VII.

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THE RECESSION

Spring Outlook: A Few Signs of Sunshine

For more than 14 bumpy months, the U.S. economy has been headed in one dismal direction: down. Now, slight to moderate improvements in several indicators lead many economists and businessmen to say that while the economy is still skidding, it is declining at a slower rate. The belief is widespread, though not unanimous, that it will probably hit bottom in three or four months. Summed up by Donald C. Miller, executive vice president of Continental Illinois Bank: "Over the past ten days or so, we seem to be picking up better feelings, some end to the steady drumbeat of bad news."

Part of that news remains as bad as ever. Testifying to the Senate Budget Committee last week, Alan Greenspan, the President's chief economist, forecast that the real gross national product would drop at an annual rate of more than 10% in the current quarter. That would be the fifth straight quarterly decline as well as the sharpest contraction for any quarter since World War II. Industrial production in February alone was off 3%, making five successive months of decline. Greenspan, who had previously predicted that unemployment would peak at 8.5%, now said that it would climb higher than that and possibly hit 9% before going down some time this summer. Even so, he held to his earlier conviction that the recession will bottom out just after midyear—or possibly just before.

Other policymakers and private

economists increasingly feel that the recession's low will be reached around June or July. A few predict that it could come as soon as April. One major reason is a rise in consumer confidence, owing in part to the rapid fall-off in the rate of inflation, from 12% late last year to slightly more than 6% now. Rising confidence, a key to recovery psychology, has buoyed the stock market. The Dow Jones industrials have jumped 22% in two months on heavy trading volume. Albert Sindlinger's Consumer Confidence Index turned up in mid-January from a record low, and nearly doubled in February, when 40% of those polled said that they felt economic conditions would improve. The figure is still quite low, but the rise is one of the sharpest ever.

Among other signs of a slowdown in the economy's decline:

- Initial claims for state unemployment-compensation benefits have fallen from 970,000 in early January to 568,600 in early March, showing that fewer people are being laid off.

- New orders for manufactured goods fell 2% in January, but the drop was much smaller than December's decline of 9.3%.

- Retail sales volume rebounded sharply in January and rose by another one-half of 1% in February. Automobile sales held firm during the first ten days of this month despite the end of most of the manufacturers' promotional rebate programs.

- Business inventories dropped in January, the first monthly decline in more than four years and the biggest since 1961. This is an important sign that business is reducing its bloated stocks of goods, opening a way for increased production.

- The long-suffering housing market is showing some signs of firming (see story next page), and interest rates are continuing to decline.

- Capital-spending plans have been increased lately in several industries—nonferrous metals, paper, food and textiles.

When will the recovery itself come? Its arrival depends largely on the speed with which the federal tax cut is enacted—and the size of the reduction. Experts of all political colors are urging quick action by Congress. "The immediate requirement is for a tax cut," says Greenspan. "Let's get on with the tax cut," echoes James Lynn, director of the Office of Management and Budget. Adds Arthur Okun, a leading Democratic economist: "Speed is more important than size." To Murray Weidenbaum, a top Republican economist, the key question is "Do we go from slumpflation to stagflation? It is to avoid the latter possibility that some of us are pushing a tax cut even though we think the economy will go up without one." Weidenbaum favors a \$25 billion reduction, the sooner the better.

As the tax proposals now stand in Congress, the House version calls for a



"Will you please stop bugging me? I told you I'd let you know the moment the whole thing bottoms out!"

ALAN GREENSPAN TESTIFYING LAST WEEK



Food: Easier Prices

In many supermarkets, the usually frustrating chore of shopping for food has in recent weeks taken on something of the serendipitous air of an Easter-egg hunt. After years of seemingly nonstop prices, the costs of a growing number of items—eggs, mayonnaise, turkey, tuna, canned fruit—are actually turning down. Though the evidence is still spotty, the long and painful surge in food prices at last appears to be waning.

Last week Pillsbury Co. cut wholesale prices on a broad range of biscuits and other products by 10%. In addition, farm-commodity prices have been dropping for months. Many experts, looking forward to a bumper crop this fall, expect the trend to continue. Since October, corn has slid from \$4.03 to \$2.84 per bu., wheat from \$5.45 to \$3.61 and sugar, which was trading at a horrific 64¢ per lb. in November, to 28¢ on commodity markets.



Choice beef has been declining. But increasingly tight supplies will probably force it up by 10¢ or 12¢ per lb. at retail levels this spring or summer.

Despite rapidly falling commodity prices, processors and retailers have been reluctant to pare prices until now because of high operating costs. So far, retail price cuts have been scattered and moderate: in Chicago, 5 lbs. of sugar now goes for \$1.99, compared with \$2.35 a few weeks ago, but white bread is selling for 60¢ a loaf, up 16¢ from a year ago. Nonetheless, Clarence Adams, president of the National Association of Food Chains, claims that "food stores are posting more price declines now than they have at any time in the past three years." Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz estimated last week that food prices generally would "level off or decline" in the second half of the year.

A potential obstacle to further decreases is a bill before Congress that would raise price supports for farmers. Albert Rees, director of the Council on Wage and Price Stability, warned last week that approval of the bill would lead to another surge in food prices: "The consumer is just beginning to get some relief from high food prices, and I don't believe he will take very kindly to this legislation."

\$21.3 billion reduction, with individuals receiving \$100 to \$200 rebates on 1974 income taxes. The Senate last week was considering a \$30 billion package, which would provide somewhat larger refunds. Both totals are well above President Ford's original \$16 billion proposal, which he now realizes will be significantly enlarged.

The two houses have been racing against an Easter-recess deadline; the legislators do not want to miss their two-week holiday. The tax-cut plan has been complicated by inclusion in the House bill of an amendment to kill the oil-depletion allowance, a move that Senate conservatives oppose. The outlook, though, is for passage of a tax and a compromise reduction in the oil-depletion allowance within two weeks—even if Congress has to postpone part of its recess. Probable size of the tax cut: about \$27 billion.

Such a massive stimulus could prod the economy back to positive growth as early as June, says Economist Otto Eckstein, the chief of Data Resources, Inc. But Greenspan, Treasury Secretary William Simon and other conservatives fear that overstimulation will aggravate inflation just when it seems to be coming under control. They would much prefer the smaller, \$22 billion tax-cut proposal, which they figure would be enough to bring on recovery soon after midyear. One dissenter to the mildly optimistic forecast is Arthur Okun. He reckons that even with a tax cut, recovery could be six months off—and perhaps longer. Reason: the full effect of the big drop in employment and incomes has yet to show up in consumer spending, and Okun figures that retail sales will fall during the next several months. But even he says that autos and housing have hit bottom.

Faster Recovery. Many economists wonder just how robust the recovery can be if unemployment hovers around 8% well into 1976, as President Ford's budget projects. David Grove, IBM's vice president-economist, foresees a "slow recovery"—so slow, in fact, that it will take until late 1976 for production to return to where it was in late 1973. But forces will be at work that could make the recovery move faster. Argus Research Corp., an economic consulting firm, estimates that for each one-point decline in the rate of inflation, consumers get \$10 billion in added purchasing power on an annual basis. By that reckoning, American consumers will have the equivalent of an extra \$70 billion to \$80 billion to fuel the recovery during the rest of this year, if inflation goes down to 6% or less and holds there, as a few economists predict, and taxes are reduced by more than \$20 billion. Says Murray Weidenbaum: "It now seems probable that the worst may be over. The odds are that 1975, the year that began on such a pessimistic downbeat, will end on an optimistic upbeat."

Housing: Easier Credit

For the millions of Americans who dream of buying a house, and for the thousands of builders who yearn to sell to them, the deep two-year decline in the housing industry could be ending. Mortgage money is again amply available after being painfully short most of last year. Deposits in savings and loan associations exceeded withdrawals by \$3.1 billion during January. The new surge of money into S and Ls reflects in part the drop in interest rates on short-term investments like federal notes, which were attracting cash out of thrift institutions.

In some cities, lenders are phoning real estate brokers with offers of credit. From New Jersey to California, the loosening of mortgage funds has also brought a return to down payments of 20%—a substantial drop from last year. That in turn has boosted sales of used homes.

But the easing of credit has in some



ways made it tougher to buy. There has been a stiffening of sellers' once weakening resistance to cutting prices. Another impediment to sales: the cost of borrowing for mortgages has only been inching down from lofty levels of 10% or more. Mortgage rates for new homes still average about 9.4% nationally, including the extra points and service charges many lenders demand. Most experts expect home loan rates to dip to 8½% later this year, though some S and L officials worry that mortgage costs could go up again this summer, when the Government begins to borrow heavily to finance the federal deficit.

Housing starts in January ran at an annual rate of 987,000 v. 2.5 million in January 1973. Yet some surveys indicate that a modest upturn is likely. The Manhattan consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan forecasts that the pace of housing starts could hit 1.4 million by year's end. Many of these predictions assume that cuts in federal taxes and a decline in the rate of price increases will put consumers in a more confident home-buying mood. Whether those assumptions are correct could have critical significance. A resurgence in housing has been a leading force in lifting the economy out of every recession since World War II.



ONE OUTLET IN MANHATTAN

RETAILING

A. & P.'s Big Close-Out

When Jonathan Scott was brought in as the first outsider ever to head the 116-year-old and no longer Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., observers knew that he would swing the ax like no insider ever could. Last week, after only a month on the job, Chairman Scott, 44, took a tradition-shattering step toward revitalizing a company that long ago lost its place as the monarch of U.S. food retailing. He knew that A. & P.'s secretive, sometimes smug management had determinedly followed outmoded policies. It failed to invest in modern suburban supermarkets but held on to too many small, low-profit central city stores that seemed mustily Dickensian compared with the competition. So Scott won the board's preliminary approval to shut down fully one-third of the chain's 3,500 stores.

If the directors give their final approval, A. & P. will lose the distinction of operating the nation's largest network of food stores—its last claim to its old glory. The company was displaced as the industry's sales leader by Safeway Stores in 1973. Before A. & P. can begin its close-out, it must negotiate its way out of myriad store leases and find a way to mollify unions representing the estimated 30,000 workers whose jobs will be threatened. The stores most likely to be shuttered are small ones in the big cities of the East and Midwest.

This is A. & P.'s second major effort recently to fatten profits. Early in 1972, to boost the drooping sales, the chain began converting all its stores to discount outlets under the all-but-abandoned WEO ("Where Economy Originates") program. The first year it lost \$51 million. Since 1973, it has been back

in the black, but it may show a loss for its most recent quarter. Profit margins have shrunk to less than half of the 1¢ on a dollar that the company had traditionally earned. Part of the problem has been A. & P.'s inclination to stock heavily its own house brands instead of giving more shelf space to better-selling, nationally advertised food items. Top management has also taken a conservatively stingy approach to modernizing stores and warehouses; that decision cost the company customers and lowered productivity.

Image and Sales. Even before Scott's arrival from an Idaho-based supermarket chain that he headed, A. & P. had been working slowly toward improving its image and sales. In each of the last five years it has closed between 200 and 400 stores, mostly small, marginal operations. Last year it opened 113 large stores, many of them in suburbia, and it now has 160 more in the planning stages. Scott is already talking of building a string of "superstores" that will contain drug departments and general merchandise sections along with the usual meat and potatoes. Says he: "We must move ahead to complete the transition that other chains completed long ago."

ALASKA

Birth Pangs of a Boom

More than 10,000 workers—petroleum engineers and roustabouts, cooks and nurses—are standing by for the historic moment. Next week, after six years of hassle, the first 80-ft. section of pipe will finally be laid in the biggest private construction project in history: the much needed, \$6 billion Alaska pipeline. When it is finished in mid-1977, a 798-mile conduit will begin to bring as much as 2 million bbl. of oil a day from the wind-blown wastes of the far north to the ice-free port of Valdez. The oil will be shipped by tanker to the Lower 48, making the U.S. much less dependent on imports, which now amount to some 6 million bbl. a day.

The pipeline will stretch across frigid snow fields, Arctic marsh, mosquito-ridden scrub and high mountains. For a variety of reasons—to prevent the warm oil from melting the permafrost, to allow passage of the migratory caribou—the pipe will be sunk deep into the ground for roughly half the distance and raised from 2 ft. to 22 ft. above the surface for the other half. Because of these safeguards, environmentalists have muted their earlier criticisms. One pipeline official says that the environmental impact will be "about as serious as a pencil line on a football field." But state authorities worry about the social impact of the great inflow of outsiders.

They are being drawn by word that



MOVING A PIPE IN FAIRBANKS
A 798-mile conduit.

the project will soon need several thousand more workers. For a typical 70-hour week, dishwashers already earn \$720, laborers \$920 or more, and electricians \$1,219. Many of them are veteran oil-field boomers who have honed their skills in East Texas, Saudi Arabia and the jungles of Peru. They are at home in the frontier ambience of Valdez, which has two liquor stores for every grocery, and Fairbanks, which will be the midpoint on the pipeline. One worker came into Fairbanks and started playing Monopoly—with real money.

The work is hard and often dangerous. Already 26 men have been killed in pipeline-related accidents, mostly in plane crashes. Far up north, the winter night can last more than 50 days, and the chill factor recently dropped to minus 128°; exposed flesh can freeze in 30 seconds. Most of the men will live in prefabricated buildings along the route, working long stretches and then taking a week or so off. Apartments—for spending the off periods—are scarce and costly. In the cities, monthly rentals run to more than \$500 for a modest two-bedroom flat.

Cosmic Cost. What is more, jobs are so tough to get that many people are left out of the boom. An unskilled worker showing up at a union hall can find himself No. 10,000 on a waiting list. Nonetheless, an exodus from the Lower 48 has been snaking up the Alaska Highway. Many a frustrated job seeker sleeps on the floor of a mission or in his car—until he is forced to sell it in order to meet the cosmic cost of food.

Alaska's unemployment rate is 11.4% and rising. The 49th state, which once sorely needed settlers, now has more than it can handle. Says its labor commissioner, Edmund Orbeck: "We put ads in the newspapers saying 'Don't come'—and still they come."

VENEZUELA

Nationalizing Oil, Building Steel

Its Caribbean beaches, its expanses of jungle, its kinetic, polyglot capital, have long made Venezuela a fascinating place for off-the-beaten-trackers to visit. More important, for six decades the country has been sort of an ancillary Texas, supplying the U.S. with immense quantities of cheap and handy oil. Now, riding on the rapid ascent of petroleum prices, Venezuela is fast becoming one of the most formidable nations in the Western Hemisphere.

Last year its output of goods and services leaped nearly 40% to \$25 billion—mainly because its oil revenues hit \$10 billion. Among the members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, Venezuela stands out for its additional wealth in iron ore, asphalt, diamonds and hydroelectric power. In Caracas, a new skyscraper seems to rise every day, a new millionaire to appear every hour, and traffic jams to grow worse every minute. Drawing boards bulge with expansive economic plans, and the democratic, staunchly nationalistic President Carlos Andrés Pérez—whom everybody calls “Cap”—yearns to extend Venezuela’s influence over its Latin neighbors.

To increase further Venezuela’s oil income and economic independence, Pérez last week sent to the country’s Congress his long-awaited bill to nationalize the oil industry, and reiterated that the takeover will occur later this year. Venezuela plans to pay the foreign companies—Exxon’s subsidiary, Creole Petroleum, and Royal Dutch Shell are the two biggest—only the net book value less several deductions, or about \$1.4 billion. The offer might seem reasonable. Under existing contracts, the foreigners in 1983 were supposed to give over all their properties to the Venezuelans, without compensation. But the oil-company managers argue that the depreciated book value of the properties does not approach their true worth of \$5 billion.

French Food. Soon the industry will be run by a state company under the Bureau of Mines. Demonstrating a certain flexibility, Pérez recommended that if the national oil industry runs into trouble, the government might enlist foreign companies to help produce or market the petroleum.

In January, Pérez’s government also nationalized the rich iron ore industry, which had been controlled by U.S. Steel and Bethlehem Steel. Last year Venezuela produced more than 26 million metric tons of ore, almost all for export. Venezuela’s grand plan is to use much of its oil income to build a huge steel industry that will exploit its iron ore and great sources of hydroelectric power. Deep in the backlands on the Orinoco River, more than 200,000 people have already clustered in the government-

run, iron-and-steel community of Ciudad Guayana, where international businessmen come to swing deals, dine on fine French food and gaze upon spectacular waterfalls. Pérez aims to raise steel output from last year’s 784,000 metric tons to 5 million tons by 1978, and to 15 million by 1985. If those hugely ambitious goals are met, Venezuela will have a multibillion-dollar export to fall back on when the oil dries up—or slips in value.

At current production levels, Venezuela’s proven reserves will run out by about 1990. The government intends both to deplete the reserves slowly and to keep prices high. Like most members of OPEC, Venezuela is reducing output to bolster prices in the face of shrinking demand. From 3.3 million bbl. per day in 1973, the country’s production slid to 2.9 million last year and is 2.5 million at present.

As Pérez told TIME Senior Editor Marshall Loeb in a recent interview: “Our strength lies precisely in OPEC. We are endeavoring to get the best that we possibly can from the price of oil, not only to advance our development plans but also to use oil as a tool for negotiation and dialogue. We are seeking a balance in commercial relations between Latin America and the developed nations.” Speaking of the U.S. and of the international oil companies, he added: “We are reluctant to continue accepting that our interests be manipulated from centers of power in the world.”

Last year Pérez began to put half of

the country’s oil revenues into the Venezuelan Investment Fund, which lends and invests abroad. Local critics contend that more petromoney should be spent to improve the living conditions of the country’s poor. But the investment fund goes a long way toward fulfilling one of Pérez’s principal objectives: to offer other Latin nations an alternative to Washington’s leadership. Venezuela has pledged \$50 million to an incipient cartel of five Latin American nations. The loan is to enable them to cut coffee production in an attempt to prop up prices. In addition, Venezuela and Mexico are the main forces behind an embryonic Latin economic community that aims, among other things, to create multi-country firms to export the region’s raw materials.

Helping Hand. Venezuela has consistently refused to give its neighbors any break on oil prices. The government has announced, however, that it is setting aside all revenues received from Central American nations in excess of \$6 per bbl. (the oil now sells for about \$10.44 per bbl.), and is lending the money back to those nations for development projects. The interest charged is reasonable—from 6% to 8%—but the Caracas government must approve the uses to which the loans are put. To a degree, Venezuela’s helping-hand programs smack of a paternalism that at another time and in other hands, was condemned as gringo imperialism. Pérez occasionally seems to envision himself a Simón Bolívar of the space age, seeking to build Venezuelan hegemony in the region. Yet the President dismisses the notion, and talks of wider goals. Says he: “We are constructing a system for unity, for Latin American integration.”



DERRICKS IN LAKE MARACAIBO AND PRESIDENT "CAP" PÉREZ

U.S. Jews: Issues and Attitudes

To the Editors:

Your story "American Jews and Israel" [March 10] is a reasoned, even-handed treatment of some volatile, emotional issues.

It is important to remember that the struggles of the Jews have aided many others because, as TIME noted, "a history of persecution has convinced them that safety lies in an open democratic society." Most Americans, including my fellow American Jews, may have forgotten that in 1654 Peter Stuyvesant opposed granting civil rights to the first Jews arriving in America. "Giving them [the Jews] liberty," he wrote, "we cannot refuse the Lutherans and the Papists."

Even then, just as now, the Jews sought freedom not only for themselves but for everyone.

Newton N. Minow
Chicago

The writer was chairman of the Federal Communications Commission 1961-63.

TIME was a far better magazine before this obsession and compulsion to tout for the Israeli lobby.

Many involved in this propaganda appear to be arrogant, militant zealots. These persons want to raid the U.S. Treasury for Israel and even want the U.S. Army to kill Arabs for Israel. History tells us the Jewish people always push too far, then cry persecution when pushed back. They are playing a perilous game with potentially dire consequences for all.



Henry E. Titus
Yarnell, Ariz.

The U.S. support for Israel has far exceeded that given to my state of Michigan and is paid for by my tax money and that of every other U.S. taxpayer.

If Israel is in need of perpetual support by the U.S., I believe that serious consideration should be given to making Israel a part of the U.S., as either a protectorate or a state.

Michael E. Ellis, M.D.
Grand Rapids

Israel is a tail wagging a dog. We should, as the Arabs have said, be wooing those interests benefiting all Americans, not the minority, as is the case.

If our American Jews are so enamored of Israel and wish to contribute to Israel, why don't they just leave this country? Anyone living here, earning a

living here, and supporting another country has divided interests and should be considered a traitor to these United States.

Peter J. Friedmann
Garland, Texas

We are "worried" about having to make the "agonizing choice" but, as you state, we are "American Jews," not Jewish Americans. If forced to choose, many of us (myself included) will side with the blue and white Star of David, for, as you stated, "The Jews are one people..." You cannot separate parent from child, the Jews from Zion.

Sandra Rothkugel
Norwalk, Conn.

Your report on American Jews and

Israel regrettably misquoted me. What I said in my New York Times article was not that I could, but that I could not—repeat, could not—"foresee the possibility of Jews being massacred in the cities of America or in the forests of Europe." However, I did say that I am afraid, "because of a certain climate, a certain mood in the making."

Elie Wiesel
New York City

As a member of the 97% of the American people whose silence has given "supposed" support to Israel, I feel it is about time I spoke up. I can find no sympathy for a nation that refuses to follow the golden rule. Twenty-six years ago, Israelis were in the same position as the Palestinians are today—a people without a country. Why can't they find it in their hearts to deal with this very real and, to them, familiar problem?

Mary Beth Crowley
Chicago

Though there was no sovereign Jewish state for close to 20 centuries, isn't it a fact that Judaism, through its religion, was a nationality for people temporarily without a homeland (to quote the Passover prayer, "next year in Jerusalem")?

It is not only morally wrong for Jews to disassociate themselves from the Jewish state—it is absolutely absurd. Many, if not most, American Jews who do not practice religion are as proud of this country and as loyal to it as their fellow Americans who descend from Ireland or Italy, for example. But like them, they have the right to be proud of the heritage and accomplishments—and the

duty to be concerned about the future—of their brethren in their young "old country."

Elazar Hiller
New York City

Even if I were an anti-Semite, I would have to support Israel. It is the only reliable and trustworthy ally we have in the Middle East. It is the only outpost of Western civilization left in that part of the world. We have to support it, not because it is a Jewish state but because it is part of the Western world, and we need it for the same reason that the Arabs want to destroy it. Israel is not a Jewish question.

Gunter Eisenberg
Minneapolis

Fascinating Woman

I used to think I didn't want to be a Total Fascinating Woman [March 10] but I have decided to give submissive wifemanship a whirl. Tomorrow I will greet my man by wearing only mesh stockings, high heels and a fetching little apron. That will teach him to bring home unexpected clients to dinner.

Helen Morris
Stamford, Conn.

It's time for Helen Andelin and her students to try what some of the rest of us are doing to make ourselves fascinating: working for degrees, serving on boards of trustees, exploring new job fields, etc. I'd like to see a Fascinating Woman find a job anywhere besides the Fascinating Womanhood Foundation.

Sally C. Currie
Westport, Conn.

You describe Mrs. Morgan's book *The Total Woman* as nonfiction. That may be true. Your article, however, as it relates to my wife Susan is fiction.

After 25 years of marriage (some of them high-pressure years), I can assure you that Susan has never been a student in a "total woman" course or any course that purports to teach women how to be successful wives. The love, understanding and support that she has demonstrated attests to the fact that, aside from being a total woman, she is a total person, which is even more important.

Frank Borman
Miami

The writer was an Apollo astronaut and is now executive vice president of Eastern Airlines.

After reading "Total Fascination" it became apparent to me that I could simply my struggle to be a Total Person by concentrating on being a Total Woman. So I slipped a note that read, "I crave

your body" into my husband's carton of blackberry yogurt. My husband immediately wrote to the yogurt company and explained what he had found in his lunch. The company wrote back, most apologetically, explaining that one of their notes might read, "Your body craves this," or "We love your business," but certainly not "I crave your body."

In spite of minor setbacks like this, I shall persist at being a Total Woman.

Karen L. Rancourt
Annapolis, Md.

Refuge for Cambodians

The only reasonable course left open in Cambodia [March 10] is to offer sanctuary in this country to the several thousand Cambodians who have been most clearly identified with the prosecution of the war, and to engage in negotiations for a peace settlement.

Lawrence B. Murphy
Farmington, Mich.

The Ford Administration has said that if Cambodia falls because of our lack of aid to Phnom-Penh, our credibility will fall in the eyes of the world. But is our credibility really worth more to us than the people who are dying because we are supporting the corrupt government of President Lon Nol?

Paul Miroff
Monroe, N.Y.

Surprise Party

Conservatives expressing their dissatisfaction with the Ford Administration and discussing a new party [March 17] may be in for a surprise. They may get a new party, but one far different from what they anticipated or want. Others, much more numerous than they, also are discontented with President Ford's obvious mental and leadership 'ack. Yet, these are equally disenchanted by the tired, threadbare remedies of the Democrats and also suspicious of the corporation elite.

The new party, possibly entering and winning in 1976, will be a populist party dedicated to the interests of the vast middle class, the productive segment of our society now neglected by Democrats for welfare and minority groups, and by Republicans who favor vested and inherited interests.

Productive-oriented in domestic affairs and winning-directed in foreign relations, such a party may deal harshly with the non-productive at both ends of our social structure.

William Loeb, President & Publisher
Manchester Union Leader
Manchester, N.H.

Humane Assembly

Your report on six American auto workers' experience of Scandinavian conditions [March 10] is similar to an in-

quiry by George III of England into the sanity of the founding fathers of the Constitution. America developed the production line, particularly in the auto industry, and any deviation from Henry Ford's practice is now regarded as heresy.

Apparently the only specific complaint of the visiting U.S. team was of the shortness of the lunch break—a pretty trivial objection to a system that is breaking up nearly three-quarters of a century of dehumanizing production-line monotony.

Linden Prowse
Dept. of Labour and Industry
South Australian Government
Adelaide

Planning for Death

Hooray for the Van Dusen's decision to carry out their suicide pact [March 10]. We determine whether another's life should be conceived, why should we not decide upon the termination of our own? Is it really preferable to store away a fund during one's vital years in order to support senility? At the very least, the privilege of self-inflicted death should be easily available to those who choose it.

Eventually we may become sufficiently enlightened to recognize the choice to be the result not of mental illness but of mental health, sound thinking and planning.

Rosemarie Gilman
Indian Hills, Colo.

Pie in the Face

Vicarious degradation from the god-fathers of mercenary humiliation is not "lighthearted havoc" [March 10]. The humble-pie manifesto reads clearly between the lines: 1) stamp out sanity, 2) uphold anarchy, 3) wreak pandemonium, and 4) escape reality.

Will America be blinded by this craze? We must face the whipped-cream threat and lick it before it meringues our morals. Ask not for whom the pie flies, it flies for you.

Richard Eaton
Chula Vista, Calif.

Wouldn't it be great if the pie man could come to Congress? Each opening session would begin with an intense ten-minute pie fight. It would be a grand way to get rid of hostilities and envelop that august body in a meringue camaraderie. I think it would raise public esteem for our legislators as well: they would get most of the foolishness, pomposity, onerousness, pettiness and childishness out of their systems in one brisk fling.

Tom Gill
Columbia, Md.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

WIVES

Marriage Revealed. Sean Connery, 44, Superspy James Bond in *Diamonds Are Forever*, Goldfinger and four other 007 fantasies; and Micheline Roquebrune, 39, a Tunisian-born French matron, in Casablanca, two months ago, he for the second time, she for the third.

Died. Susan Hayward, 55, Oscar-winning cinema actress, of a brain tumor, in Beverly Hills. Born Edythe Marrener in Brooklyn, the red-haired model was fresh out of high school when she was plucked from the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* by David Selznick for a screen test. Hayward scored her first break opposite Gary Cooper in *Bean Geste* (1939). Mistress of a sultry, come-hither look, she reached her zenith in the 1950s as one of Hollywood's most popular stars, once ecstatically declaring: "I never dreamed this could happen to a girl from Brooklyn." Her most powerful roles portrayed deeply troubled or doomed women, such as the dipsomaniac in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, and the bar girl in *I Want to Live* who is framed on a murder charge and executed in a California gas chamber.

Died. Aristotle Onassis, 69, multimillionaire Greek shipping magnate, of bronchial pneumonia, in Paris (see *TIME* WORLD).

Died. George Stevens, 70, American film director, of an apparent heart attack, in Lancaster. Calif. Stevens concocted a series of comedies and melodramas in the 1930s, among them *Swing Time*, *A Damsel in Distress* and *Gunga Din*. His bitter wartime experiences (filming the scenes of Dachau death camp used at the Nuremberg trials) deepened his vision. Stevens' masterworks, *Shane*, *Giant* and *A Place in the Sun*, have become classic incarnations of American legend.

Died. Joseph Dunninger, 82, magician and mentalist, of Parkinson's disease, in Cliffs Park, N.J. Dunninger's first intimations of telepathic power came, he said, when he realized he could read grade-school classmates' minds and find solutions to math problems. Dunninger began as a magician (among his tricks: making an elephant disappear, sawing a woman in eights), later perfected the mind-reading act that made him famous. Among the brains Dunninger picked were those of six Presidents and such luminaries as Thomas Edison and Pope Pius XII, who temporarily baffled him by thinking in Latin. Like his friend Houdini, Dunninger was a debunker of occult phenomena who modestly assessed his own skills: "Any three-year-old could do it—with 30 years' practice."

He's just a "publicity hound," grumbled Indiana Congressman **Andrew Jacobs Jr.** following the latest trouble with his pet Great Dane, C-5. Three years ago the dog (which was named after the armed forces plane because he "grew like a military contract") chomped on the hand of Missouri Democrat **James Symington**. After an exile in his Indiana doghouse, C-5 finally returned to Washington, and last week Jacobs threw a welcoming party. Symington himself came by and, to show his good will, offered the dog some cheese. To show his good taste, C-5 bit Symington on the hand again. Said the bandaged Representative after the recidivist pooch had been pulled away: "Maybe the cheese wasn't good."

"My sister is the real spark plug of the family," cracked **Ted Kennedy** after **Eunice Shriver** had assembled a crowd of 1,350 at Washington's Kennedy Center. Eunice's guests had come to see some song and dance by **Barbra Streisand** and **James Caan**, stars of the new movie *Funny Lady*, and to help boost the Joseph P. Kennedy Foundation's Special Olympics for retarded children. The program provided one misstep after another for *Today* show Empress **Barbara Walters**, who stumbled on her way up to a stage and grabbed the first helping hand in sight. "When I looked up, I realized it was the President," said Walters. "If I had known it was the President beforehand, I probably would have slipped again." Not even **President Ford**, however, could save Walters a few moments later. Asked to demonstrate an exercise practiced by retarded children, Barbara kicked off her shoes, linked arms back to back on the floor with Sportscaster **Frank Gifford**, then gamely struggled to her feet. "I don't do exercises regularly," explained Walters afterward, to no one's surprise.

WALTERS & GIFFORD TAKE A TURN AT THE KENNEDY CENTER



It was an unlikely performance by an aging socialite. But there on the island of Pate off northern Kenya stood American Tobacco Co. Heiress **Doris Duke**, 62, pounding a bamboo xylophone and singing along with a chorus of native musicians. "I've long had an interest in African music," said Duke, who joined an almost all-black Baptist choir in Nutley, N.J., back in 1969. For the still stately blonde, the Pate revels were part of an 18-day, 3,000-mile plane safari across Kenya and Zambia. After mingling with swarthy show captains, veiled ladies and outdoor coffee sellers in Lamu, Kenya, Duke toured the town's museum, then peeled off a \$200 contribution. "It's like a tale from *The Thousand and One Nights* come to life. All I am thinking about as I leave Africa is coming back," she said before boarding a plane to begin a more sybaritic visit to Europe.



DORIS DUKE JAMS IN KENYA

"My husband was up in the attic trying to figure out where the old staircase went," explained Catharine Coster of Newtown, Conn. "He pulled layers and layers of wallpaper off the attic walls looking." What Retired Executive Allan Coster eventually discovered was not a secret passage but precious pentimento. Still on the walls, beneath 40 years of papering, was the doodling of Humorist **James Thurber**, who had lived in the house in the 1930s. There is "no question" that the art work is that of the former *New Yorker* writer and cartoonist. Says **Helen Thurber**, the humorist's widow: "He always did drawings on people's walls."

The crystal Baccarat table was designed for a 19th century Indian maharajah; the gilded piano was once played by Chopin. But the bearskin rugs, emperor-size bed and rhinestone-studded recreation room could belong only to **Liberace**, 55. Now music's oldest glit-



THURBER EXPOSED IN CONNECTICUT



PEOPLE



LIBERACE & PROTÉGÉ VINCE CARDELL IN CALIFORNIA'S NEWEST MUSEUM

ter rocker has opened his rococo Hollywood Hills mansion, complete with toothy portraits of the maestro himself, to public tours at \$5.90 a pop. His share of the profits, says Lee, will help support aspiring artists like Protégé Vince Cardell, 35. Thirty-two guides have been trained by Liberace, and four gold-jacketed salesgirls staff a baby-blue "gift bazaar," where electric candelabras and Liberace records can be purchased. "There are \$1 million worth of goodies in this house," beamed the pianist as he pointed out a Louis XV desk. "But they will give me more pleasure if more people can see them. I'll probably live in one of my Las Vegas homes," he mused, "or maybe the one in Palm Springs."

The skies seem to grow less friendly when Norman Wexler is airborne. Last week the Hollywood screenwriter (*Joe, Serpico*) allegedly bit United Air Lines Stewardess Laura Mansuto on the arm during an argument aloft. The trouble began, say airline officials, when Wexler insulted a cardiac patient who was being outfitted with special oxygen apparatus. After an unscheduled landing in Denver, the writer was tossed off the plane and into the arms of waiting police. In 1972, Wexler had drawn a quick jail stay and a year's probation when, in another mid-flight outburst, he held up a magazine cover of Richard Nixon and announced plans to kill the President. Denver authorities last week accused Wexler of interfering with a member of a flight crew, released him on \$5,000 bail, and ordered him to stay in Denver. Police may now regret that decision. Upon his release, the grounded

writer ran straight into a minor altercation at a coffee shop, then was arrested again for directing "filthy language and verbal abuse" at an escort-service receptionist. If Wexler ever gets out of Denver, it may be on foot.

Pianist Van Cliburn, 40, who has created some waves in the music world, reached a high-water mark last week. Before leaving his hotel suite for an evening concert in Roanoke, Va., the virtuoso began running water for a bath. While the tub filled, Cliburn went to his piano, started practicing Brahms' *Second Piano Concerto*, and quickly tuned out the rest of the world. In a dining room below, guests could not hear the maestro's music, but they were soon aware of the bath water that had flooded the pianist's quarters and started seeping across the dining-room ceiling. After a hotel worker had hurried up to stop the flow, the preoccupied pianist rushed off to his performance, then, next morning, left with scarcely an apology for the \$900 worth of damage. "We've written to his agency asking if they have insurance," says Hotel Roanoke General Manager Kenneth Wilkey. "If they haven't, well, we'll pick up the bill. He played a great concert."

"I am a woman who has doubtless succeeded in her career, but surely not in her private life," confessed thrice-divorced Actress Brigitte Bardot, 40, during an interview in the Paris society weekly *Jours de France*. Her interviewer: French Novelist Françoise Sagan, 39, who has known the durable coquette for two decades. "I believe that exhibition-

ists are repressing feelings of shame," announced the oft-displayed Bardot when asked about eroticism in movies. "For me, love needs mystery, secrecy, silence. It is a very private affair." Will life ever change for the actress? "Perhaps in five years I will be forgotten, perhaps not," said Bardot. "I will be 45, and I will not have lost my beauty. And I will be able to live, perhaps, like everybody. No longer just a beautiful object, you see, but a human being."

Some actors never escape that first big part. Take Yul Brynner, for instance, who keeps time-warping back to his regal role in *The King and I*. Now touring in a new musical, *Odyssey*, in which he stars as Odysseus, Brynner has had his secretary send prospective hotels a list of his accommodation needs. Among his demands: "King-size bed in master bedroom (one mattress only, not two). [Room] must be utterly blacked out so as not a sliver of light can enter... Suite must be immaculate... Accommodations cannot be within one floor of conventioners... A gross of extra wooden hangers in YB's bedroom... All phones must be Touch-Tone with 13-fl. cords... Wine: The only one he drinks is Chateau Gruaud Larose '66. If hotel does not have it in its wine cellar, order in advance... Stock YB's kitchen in advance of his arrival with: two heads Bibb lettuce. Nice, fresh. One dozen brown eggs. Under no circumstances white eggs... Mr. Brynner brings with him special Canadian bacon. Make sure he can put some of it in the hotel's freezer and the balance will go in his own kitchen." Et cetera, et cetera.



BARDOT AT 40 IN ST-TROPEZ

Malpractice Nightmare

Take a neurosurgeon practicing in New York State in 1970 and making \$70,000 a year. He had to pay about \$4,700 annually for malpractice insurance, which protected him against lawsuits from dissatisfied patients. Today the cost of that insurance is about \$14,000. The precipitous rise is not confined to New York. Across the U.S., insurance companies are hiking premiums^{*} as more and more patients hale doctors and medical institutions into court—and as juries increasingly award damages in six- and seven-figure amounts.

The growing burden of malpractice insurance is already forcing a number

of doctors to retire early or consider moving to states where rates are lower. It is also making it increasingly difficult for young physicians to set up practice. In some states where higher rates have been turned down by insurance commissions, insurance companies have announced that they will no longer provide the vital coverage. This week Senator Edward Kennedy, New York Representative James Hastings and other congressional leaders will meet in Washington with medical authorities to consider legislation for what may be one effective way to head off the crisis: federal malpractice insurance.

Solutions are needed fast. In New York, for example, the Argonaut Insurance Co., which was denied a hike of 196.8% in January (after a 93.5% rise last July), plans to cancel all physician

policies on July 1. No other company has volunteered to take over for Argonaut, which insures most of the state's doctors. In Maryland, a court order is now preventing the St. Paul Fire & Marine Insurance Co., the state's major malpractice insurer, from carrying out its plan to cancel all physician policies. Similar crises exist in North Carolina, Michigan, California and Florida.

Risky Operations. Hospitals are struggling to meet their rising malpractice premiums by passing costs along to the patient. The Michael Reese Medical Center in Chicago may increase its daily rates \$12 a bed. In New York, where 23 hospitals were faced last week with a 600% rise in malpractice costs, officials estimate that the increase could add \$50 to a patient's bill. To protect themselves against malpractice suits, many physicians and hospital administrators are now demanding additional X rays and laboratory tests to document the need

^{*}Premiums are determined by the probability of lawsuits and the size of damage awards associated with each specialty. Psychiatry and dermatology premiums, for example, are low, those for orthopedic surgery and anesthesiology high.

The Patient Becomes the Plaintiff

In many lawsuits that result in the award of damages for malpractice, the fault clearly lies with the physician or the hospital. In others, doctors have unfairly been found guilty of malpractice when patients developed unexpected complications after conscientious, sound treatment. Whatever the case, the number of suits—and the amounts awarded—have been increasing astronomically.

► During a schoolyard fight in San Rafael, Calif., in 1970, Kelly Niles, 11, was hit on the right side of his head and taken by his father to the emergency room of San Francisco's Mt. Zion Hospital. Though no evidence of a skull frac-

ture was found on X rays, Kelly was perspiring, nauseous, and he was pale and groggy. Still, a staff pediatrician sent him home. Later that evening, Kelly's father grew concerned and returned him to the hospital. This time doctors decided to operate and removed a large blood clot pressing on Kelly's brain. Had surgery been performed earlier, Kelly might well have made a good recovery. But the delay resulted in permanent brain damage, leaving him mute and paralyzed from the neck down. The boy's family sued the hospital, the pediatrician and the school district for negligence, and was awarded \$4,025,000 in damages, one of the largest malpractice settlements on record.

► Malcolm Tweed, 59, a casketmaker from Chula Vista, Calif., visited a general practitioner in 1972, complaining about a pain in his right shoulder. The doctor diagnosed his problem as arthritis, ignored a suggestion by a consulting radiologist that "a tumor must also be considered," and gave him 41 costly shots of a steroid drug over a three-month period. As the pain in his shoulder intensified, Tweed consulted an orthopedic surgeon, who X-rayed him and misdiagnosed the problem. Eight months later, an associate of the orthopedic surgeon happened to see Tweed's X rays and identified the illness as bone cancer. If the malignancy had been spotted in its early stages, Tweed might have been saved; his illness is now "terminal." He sued both the G.P. and the surgeon, and his lawyer settled out of court for \$300,000.

► When he was 18 and in the Merchant Marine, William Fertig of Franklinville, N.J., entered the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital on New York City's Staten Island to have an eye defect corrected. But before surgery, Fertig suffered a rare reaction to a widely used general anesthetic. His body temperature rose and remained at 108°, long enough to cause extensive brain damage. As a result, Fertig, now 24, is blind, cannot speak, and is paralyzed from the neck down. After bringing suit against the Federal Government, charging that doctors at the hospital had not monitored the administration of the anesthesia and that they had done nothing to control the violent reaction, Fertig and his family were awarded a \$1 million settlement.

TWEED IN HOSPITAL BED



NILES IN WHEELCHAIR



MEDICINE

for treatment in case the patient sues; that too is adding to hospital costs and bills. Staff doctors are also becoming more reluctant to perform especially risky operations or procedures.

Many state and national medical groups are so concerned with the malpractice problem that they have developed their own proposals for legislation. Meeting in Manhattan last week, the Medical Society of the State of New York requested that the state legislature set up a twelve-member board consisting of physicians, attorneys and laymen to review malpractice claims and award settlements; this would avoid costly trials and help reduce premiums. Both the American Medical Association and the American Hospital Association have suggested a malpractice-award system that would work along the lines of workmen's compensation. Under this plan, each injury would result in a specific amount of compensation. Explains James Groves, an insurance expert for the A.H.A.: "This would mean that negligence would become less of a factor in malpractice suits. Many injuries result not because of negligence, but because medicine is an unexact science and often things happen at the hand of God."

Physicians and hospitals are not the only ones who would gain from changes in malpractice insurance. As Dr. Malcolm Todd, president of the American Medical Association, says, "If doctors can't get insurance, it's hard to expect them to practice medicine."

Downgrading Vitamin C

Ever since Linus Pauling proposed in 1970 that large doses of vitamin C (ascorbic acid) would prevent or cure the common cold, sales of the vitamin have soared, despite the widely expressed doubts of other researchers. Three reports now cast a further shadow on Pauling's theory. In one of two studies published in the *A.M.A. Journal*, 311 volunteers at the National Institutes of Health took part in an experiment in which about half were given one gram of vitamin C three times daily for a nine-month period; the remainder took a placebo under the same circumstances. If a volunteer showed signs of coming down with a cold, the dosage of pills—whether vitamin C or placebo—was increased by three grams per day. N.I.H. researchers report that the effects of the vitamin on the number of colds "seem to be nil" and the effects on severity of the colds are clinically insignificant. In the second *Journal* report, researchers at the University of Chicago say that after a review of various studies of vitamin C conducted from 1939 to 1973, there is little convincing evidence of the vitamin's effectiveness in preventing or curing colds. Moreover, they find evidence that large daily doses may even be medically harmful, producing diarrhea or kidney stones.

The Winning Angel

To handicap a horse race simply by picking a jockey, regardless of his mount, the trainer or the opposition, is usually considered a form of gambling insanity. Not so last week at New York's Aqueduct race track. There, a \$2 win bet on the same jockey in each of eight races on the same afternoon would have paid off \$56. The jockey was Angel Cordero Jr., who has been almost unbeatable since the opening of Aqueduct's spring meeting last month. In 15 days of racing at the "Big A," Cordero has ridden 48 winners and finished in the money in 88 out of 112 races. Last Wednesday, in driving rain, he won the first five races on the card. He had no mount in the sixth but came back to win the stakes. This year, in a sport where a winning rate of 15%-20% is considered excellent, Cordero has crossed the finish line first in 43% of his rides.

Winning is not new to Cordero. Last year he won the Kentucky Derby on Cannonade and went on to collect more than \$4.2 million in purses for the year. This year Cordero would like to win no less than \$5 million. (Winning jockeys keep 10% of the winning purse.)

How does he do it? For one thing, Cordero was bred to ride in a sport where bloodlines count. Both his grandfathers were jockeys in Santurce, P.R. Angel (who pronounces his Spanish name *An-hell* and likes to think of himself as a flying angel) has been riding professionally for 15 of his 32 years. The 5-ft. 3-in., 113-lb. jock, a bubbling personality who often sings while riding to the post, is a quiet artist at the reins. Along with a "good-looking seat"—he rides in a tight crouch with his back parallel to the horse's body—Cordero has one of the most effective whip techniques in the business. By switching his whip from hand to hand in heavy traffic without missing a beat, he can often shift a horse into overdrive.

Shoo-in. Cordero, of course, employs more than a model technique. Says Aqueduct Steward Warren Mehrtens, a former jockey who rode Assault to the Triple Crown in 1946, "Angel knows the characteristics of his horse as well as the others in the race. If he's behind a horse that he knows tends to drift outside down the stretch, he knows the inside is open to him." Cordero also possesses a fine sense of timing. Steward Nathaniel Hyland admires the way Cordero "paces horses to save their speed for the end." After riding one long shot to victory from far back last week, Cordero explained, "I knew even though I was five lengths back at the quarter pole that the horse was ready to win."

Cordero can be so intent in the saddle that he does not know whether he has won or lost a race. "You ride so

hard," he says, "you don't realize you pass the wire." Even after the race has been run Angel does not let up. "What a gutsy guy!" says Trainer John Parrisella. "He's the best salesman at the track. When he comes in second or third, he makes you feel the horse is a shoo-in the next time."

Cordero does not really have to sell himself. His agent, Tony Matos, is considered about the best. Arriving at the barns every morning before 7 o'clock, he watches horses working out and talks to trainers, trying to select the best mounts. "I could have Angel riding four of the six horses in some races," he says. Matos usually makes his selections ten days in advance, though last-minute

DAVID BAUM



MATOS CHECKS MOUNTS WITH CORDERO
Singing on the way to the post.

changes keep him busy. Last year Matos selected Cannonade as Cordero's Derby entry. Reflecting his symbiotic relationship with his client, Matos speaks as if jockey and agent were indivisible. "I rode Cannonade in the Stepping Stone before the Derby," he recalls, "and liked the way he handled himself. I thought Little Current was not at his peak yet." He was right. Little Current did not reach winning form until two weeks later in the Preakness.

Matos, who receives 25% of Cordero's income, keeps his partner running at a frantic pace. "Angel loves to ride," says Matos. "He'll travel anywhere." On Sundays Cordero often flies to California to race, returning to ride on Monday in New York. In 1973 he commuted to Paris one Sunday to ride in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. The way he has been racing this year, they should bring the Arc to him.

Lawson's Monster

When paleontology Student Douglas Lawson set out to explore Texas' Big Bend National Park three years ago, he was confident that his fossil hunt would be productive. After all, remnants of creatures ranging from the ferocious dinosaur *Tyrannosaurus rex* to the first true bird, *Archaeopteryx*, had already been unearthed in the fossil-rich wasteland. What Lawson found exceeded his wildest hopes: fragments of huge wing bones imbedded in a sandstone outcropping in a remote part of the park. Now after comparing the bones with the remains of similar creatures found elsewhere, Lawson has announced that they belong to a giant extinct flying reptile, or pterosaur (literally, winged lizard), with a wing span estimated to have been 51 ft. That would make it the largest known flying creature ever to inhabit the earth.

Pterosaurs—or pterodactyls, as they are often called—lived at the height of the age of dinosaurs. Equipped with bat-like, leathery wings, long, powerful necks and pelican-like jaws, they soared across the skies for millions of years un-

til their mysterious extinction about 60 million years ago. Although many different types of pterosaurs have been found in North America, Lawson's monster is apparently a new species: its wing spread is twice as large as that of any previously discovered flying reptile.*

Now a doctoral candidate at the University of California at Berkeley, Lawson has since found the remains of two more pterosaurs. The fossils may help settle old scientific questions about pterosaurs. Many of these great flying reptiles lived near the shore, leading paleontologists to conclude that they fed on fish. But Lawson's fossils were found in nonmarine sediments far from any seas. In fact, Lawson writes in *Science*, the pterosaurs may well have been carrion eaters, using their long necks to probe the carcasses of dead dinosaurs.

The bones may also tell something about how pterosaurs flew. Experts have long doubted that the great creatures could flap their wings hard enough to get off the ground. They speculated that the flying reptiles climbed cliffs or mountains and soared off them like gliders. Presumably, Lawson's considerably larger pterosaurs would have found it even harder to get airborne. Yet their remains were found in an area that is—and probably was, during the age of dinosaurs—at least 20 or 30 miles from any mountains. Unless the bones were washed downstream from their original resting place, their locale could mean that the monstrous reptiles were better flyers than anyone had suspected.

How the Ice Age Began

About 2 million years ago, the earth's climate began to undergo drastic changes. The polar icecaps increased dramatically in size. Glaciers spread as far south as present-day New York City. Seeking to escape the chilly weather

*In contrast, the present-day bird with the largest wing span is the wandering albatross, which measures about 11 ft. from wing tip to wing tip.

sweeping the face of the earth, many animals—including man—sought refuge in more southerly latitudes. Less adaptable or mobile creatures were destroyed by the advancing freeze.

Though this scenario for the beginning of the ice age has been well documented by fossil records, scientists have long been uncertain about what caused the cooling. Now, after studying cylindrical-core samples of ocean sediment dug up by the deep-sea drilling ship *Glomar Challenger*, two University of Rhode Island researchers have found evidence that may help provide the answer. The telltale position of layers of volcanic ash found in the cores by Geologists James Kennett and Robert Thunell suggests that the first great ice age could have been set off by a worldwide series of volcanic eruptions.

Krakatoa's Activity. Even a single major volcanic outburst adds so much dust to the atmosphere that it reduces the amount of sunlight reaching the earth's surface; the result can be a brief but noticeable cooling of global climate. After the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, for instance, unusually cool weather was reported in many parts of the world for several years. The evidence is still preserved in the annual growth rings of old trees. Only recently, scientists at the University of Arizona's tree-ring laboratory discovered disturbed rings in California trees, dating back to 1884, that showed the trees had experienced a hard freeze that year. The scientists strongly suspect that the unusually cold California weather was linked to Krakatoa's eruption a year earlier.

It seems clear that the layers of ash in the *Glomar Challenger's* cores are the residue of more than one volcanic eruption. Kennett and Thunell point out that the ash is so widely distributed, ranging from the arcs of volcanic islands in the Pacific to volcanically active regions in Central America and the mid-Atlantic, that it can best be explained by a sharp and worldwide increase in volcanic activity.

The geologists can only guess what stirred up the wide-ranging eruptions. Possibly, they resulted from a sudden increase in plate tectonic activity—the process in which the great plates that form the earth's surface bump, jostle and sometimes slide underneath each other, carrying the continents along with them. This activity often arouses the earth's volcanoes, most of which lie near plate boundaries. The core evidence discovered by Kennett and Thunell has given further weight to a viewpoint shared by an increasing number of scientists: that all major changes occurring in or above the earth—including variations in climate—are closely interrelated and must always be considered as part of a chain of global events.



ARTIST'S RECONSTRUCTION OF FLYING PTEROSAUR HUNTING PREY



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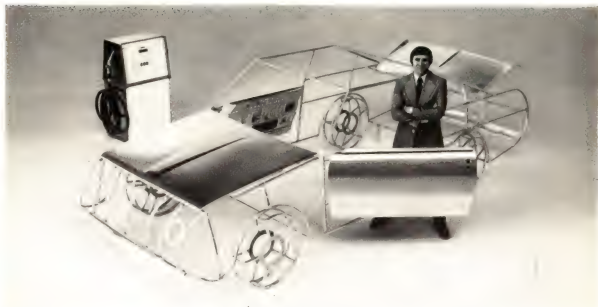
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 **ALCOA**

Bicentennial Bonanza

As the year 1876 approached, the Women's Centennial Committee, led by Philadelphia Socialite Mrs. Elizabeth Gillespie, raised substantial sums for a proper cultural salute. The committee boldly offered Richard Wagner \$5,000 for an occasion piece. Wagner accepted, perhaps because he was going broke mounting the first *Ring* cycle. He also hoped "soon to be assured of the American visitors" at Bayreuth. The American festivities opened in Philadelphia May 10, 1876, with the composer's *Centennial March*. The work, a turgid blend of bathos and pomposity, turned out to be one of Wagner's very worst.

The sound of the U.S. Bicentennial should be brighter, and it will certainly be native. Only a handful of European composers have been commissioned to write anniversary pieces. Most notable among them: Poland's Krzysztof Penderecki, who is doing an opera based on Milton's *Paradise Lost* for Chicago's Lyric Opera. Right now there are several hundred American composers, some working up to 20 hours a day on music commissioned during and for the Bicentennial. The big names, like Aaron Copland, have been forced to turn down requests by the dozen. With millions available in grants and more money to come, the Bicentennial is the biggest bonanza for the American composer since Hollywood discovered the musical.

Baseball Cantata. U.S. concertgoers may not yet realize what they could be in for. Tired of the usual fare of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Bartok? How about a 90-minute multimedia work based on the *Krazy Kat* cartoon strip? Roger Reynolds, 40, is creating such a work at the University of California at San Diego. A baseball cantata based on *Casey at the Bat*? Pulitzer Prizewinner William Schuman, 64, is warning that one up. There has been comparatively little pressure on composers to wave the flag or concentrate on Americana, though Leonard Bernstein is setting to music poems by eight favorite writers, including Whitman and Poe. Dominick Argento and Vivian Fine are writing chamber operas respectively on Chekhov's monologue *On the Harmfulness of Tobacco* and *Famous Women* (Gertrude Stein, Isadora Duncan, Virginia Woolf). For a touch of Shakespeare, Alan Hovhaness and John Harbison are at work on operas based on *Pericles* and *The Winter's Tale*, though Harbison picked his play four years ago. Out in Seattle, the Eastern-inspired Hovhaness is also writing *An Ode to the Cascade Mountains*.

Many of these names are unfamiliar to the average concertgoer or record listener. Who, for instance, has heard of

Stephen Douglas Burton, 32, of Kensington, Md.? Enough people, it turns out, to earn him no less than five commissions worth a total of \$30,000 in fees. Burton, a protégé of Germany's Hans Werner Henze and a skilled hand in a variety of contemporary stylings, has composed a symphony (*Ariel*), which the National Symphony will perform next season. He is also writing a trio of one-act operas, one of which will be based on Herman Melville's story *Benito Cereno*. In Wilmington, Ohio, Robert J. Haskins is writing an operatic version of *The Bell-Tower*, also by Melville—not a writer known for his racy plots.

Round Robin. Despite all this admirable planning, some projects will not be heard during the celebration. Composers are notoriously late delivering scores—usually because they are too busy supporting themselves by means other than composing. Also, many grants do not include performance guarantees.

One of the most important outcomes of the Bicentennial project, however, is the way different orchestras have joined to share the commissioning and guarantee wide audiences for the results. Example: John Cage, Elliott Carter, Leslie Bassett, Jacob Druckman, David Del Tredici and Morton Subotnick are writing works for, respectively, the Boston Symphony, New York Philharmonic, Philadelphia Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Chicago Symphony and Los Angeles Philharmonic. Each orchestra is committed to play not just the work it has commissioned but all other five works. A similar round robin will involve seven orchestras in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco and Washington (the National).

The biggest investor in new Bicentennial music so far is the National Endowment for the Arts (a projected \$2 million over a three-year period). The New York State Council on the Arts (\$200,000, matched by \$200,000 in private funds) has a performance guarantee for each of its 68 commissions. On a smaller scale, the Washington Performing Arts Society has \$40,000 for

works to be commissioned and performed by twelve young pianists.

In New York, the Rockefeller Foundation is not ordering up any new music, but it has launched something as commendable: a four-year, \$4 million project to issue a 100-LP collection of American music from early times to the present. The archives of jazz, folk, pop and the classics will constitute about one-half of the set. When no recordings can be found for works of such composers as John Paine (1839-1906), Arthur Farwell (1872-1952), or possibly some of today's composers, new ones will be made. Says Howard Klein, director of the foundation's arts program: "It's Happy Birthday, America."

COMPOSER STEPHEN DOUGLAS BURTON



LEONARD BERNSTEIN AT WORK



MANHATTAN COMPOSER SCHUMAN



SEATTLE COMPOSER HOVHANESS





DEVELOPER MCKISSICK ON HIS LAND



BUILDINGS LINE RIVER FRONT ON ROOSEVELT ISLAND IN NEW YORK CITY

New Towns in Trouble

"We don't have anything to hide or anything to fear," said a spokesman for Soul City, N.C. His confident declaration was in answer to a recent call by two members of Congress for a Government audit and investigation of the federally assisted "new town." Developers of the community, led by former CORF Director Floyd McKissick, may indeed have nothing to hide—although critics question how some \$5 million in federal funds have been used on the project. But Soul City, which now consists of a few roads, some mobile homes and a nearly completed industrial building on a 5,180-acre tract 50 miles from Raleigh, may have something to fear. If it follows the pattern of most other Government-aided new towns scattered across the nation, it faces deep financial troubles.

Giant Labs. Such new towns, conceived in more affluent and idealistic times, were intended to absorb the U.S.'s inexorable metropolitan growth without creating urban blight or suburban sprawl. Each was also supposed to have become a self-sufficient community—sometimes even within a city—where good schools, green parks and clean industry would be within walking distance of attractive homes. Imbued with that hopeful vision, Congress passed laws in 1968 and 1970 that 1) offered federal funds and technical aid to approved developers, and 2) guaranteed up to \$50 million worth of each developer's bonds, plus the interest on those bonds, to make them more attractive to buyers. In return, Congress required that the new towns be, in effect, giant laboratories to test new ideas in land planning, home building and design, mass-transit systems and even in government cooperation. Furthermore, the law demanded that the communities be racially and

economically integrated and virtually pollution-free.

What Congress did not foresee was the downturn in the U.S. economy. The developers have been painfully squeezed between spiraling building costs on one side and dwindling mortgage-money supplies on the other. Making matters worse, many developers were so anxious to try out their brave new ideas that they lost sight of marketing realities. To take only one example, Riverfront, ten miles from Rochester, N.Y., built town houses in tight clusters surrounded by open space. But would-be home buyers in the area were not impressed by this good planning precept; they wanted separate houses with spacious yards. Says Otto Stolz, director of the new-communities program of the U.S. Housing and Urban Development Department: "Only a limited number of people want to be guinea pigs."

Another part of the problem is that the Nixon Administration did not live up to its side of the bargain. It withheld funds from the program, and HUD therefore gave the developers no technical assistance, no planning grants, no help in starting up schools or transit systems. In processing applications for bond guarantees or for federal subsidies for low-income housing, HUD also ensnared the applicants in reams of unnecessary red tape. "Decisions are made, unmade and obfuscated to a degree that makes the imperial Chinese bureaucracy appear decisive and swift-moving," says Mark Freeman, executive director of the League of New-Community Developers. The effect has been to stifle the very experimentation that Congress had called for in its law.

Even so, some of the federally assisted new towns have struggled ahead, proving, says Developer Lewis Manlow, that "there is more to this program than just dollars and cents." A big selling

point of his Park Forest South, being built 35 miles south of Chicago, is innovation. The vision of a new kind of community has already attracted 5,500 residents (20% of whom are members of minority groups) and several industries. A handsome school system, including a state college for adults who lack undergraduate degrees, is being built.

Among the notable experiments in other new towns:

- The Woodlands, 28 miles north of Houston, has used advanced land planning (by Ecologist-Planner Ian McHarg) to preserve existing forests and conserve water (ponds collect water that then slowly replenishes underground supplies).

- Cedar-Riverside is generating needed new life in the heart of Minneapolis. Some buildings in this 90-acre project also integrate low-income families with the well-to-do—an economic mix that is hard to achieve in established communities.

- Roosevelt Island, being built in New York City by the state's financially beleaguered Urban Development Corporation, has planned a pneumatic waste-disposal system to whisk garbage from homes to a central collection center, electric "people movers" to get residents around, and an aerial tramway, much like a ski lift, to carry them across the East River to Manhattan.

These innovations give ammunition to proponents who argue that the new-town program still represents a noble experiment that should be fostered as actively as it has been in England, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. But critics insist that smaller planned communities can do the same job of serving as models of enlightened land development for a smaller total cost. Under the Ford Administration, HUD is seeking a compromise. At least for the time being, the department has

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*U.S. Gov't. EPA figures, 9/74

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5

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6

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ENVIRONMENT

announced, it will not accept any new applications from developers who want federal help in building new towns. But, promises Stolz, HUD will now, finally, support the existing communities

The Great Phone-Out

It was as if someone wanted to expose the vulnerability—and perhaps the ecological interdependence—of a highly mechanized urban society. Nobody knows who did it, but by the end of last week, at least seven fires had been set to New York Telephone Co. property in the nation's largest city. Fortunately, only the first did real damage. Blazing late last month, it destroyed a major switching station in lower Manhattan. Until service can be restored, 170,000 phones in the surrounding area were silenced and some 300,000 New Yorkers were deprived of a vital electronic part of the urban environment.

The hardest hit were businesses that depend on phone orders. "I might have to go under," said Ralph Annunziata, manager of a delicatessen that accounts for half of its sales with phoned orders. Florists cut off from Florists Transworld Delivery complained that they could no longer say it with flowers; with their phones dead, funeral parlors in the area reported that business was "dying." Pharmacist Sanford Eidinger also had to contend with "people who come in off the street with prescriptions for all kinds of things." Apparently, addicts with stolen or forged prescription blanks were quick to take advantage of the fact that pharmacies could not call doctors to check the orders.

Liquor Store Operator Joseph Schoen expressed a widespread fear: "I can't call for help." To deal with emergencies, the telephone company brought in mobile units and quickly restored service to the three hospitals, ten fire houses and two police precinct stations in the zone of silence. Ma Bell also set up 379 temporary pay phones in the 300-sq.-block area. Extra police cars cruised the phoneless area with their rooflights flashing; anyone who had an emergency message could stop them and transmit it by radio.

Modicum of Merit. A good Samaritan spirit prevailed, and many New Yorkers volunteered to help sick or elderly neighbors, and even waited in line to place calls for them at one of the temporary pay phones. Doctors in the area transferred to working answering-service numbers, and regularly sent nurses to pay phones to get messages. Editor Lyla Aubrey compared the phone-out to "the electric power blackout of 1965: it made us feel closer together."

As always, there were some Manhattanites who found a modicum of merit in phonelessness. "No dance lesson salesmen, no bill collectors, no heavy breathers," said Gidon Gottlieb, professor of law at New York University. "Silence, it's wonderful."

Albert Who?

Jackie had Oleg Cassini. Lady Bird had Mollie Parnis and Adele Simpson. Betty Ford has Albert Capraro.

Albert who? Capraro is a Manhattan-born designer who went into business last July after eight years as an assistant to Oscar de la Renta, and at 31 he is still relatively little known in the fashion industry. He was in his Manhattan office in January sketching some shorts and sun dresses for his summer collection when the phone rang: the White House Betty Ford had noticed some of his designs in the Washington *Star*.

News and wanted him to fly down to the capital to discuss his making clothes for her.

Since then, Capraro has become the First Lady's favorite designer. Susan Ford too has been hooked. Last week Capraro was hard at work sketching a long white gown for Susan to wear in May when she will appear as queen of the Apple Blossom Festival in Winchester, Va.

His clothes are theatrical, even storybook: elaborate ruffles and sashes, billowing long skirts and dramatic dolman sleeves. For fabrics, Capraro favors see-through eyelets, misty flowered voiles, and chiffons. "Clothes," he says, "should be mysterious, sexy and feminine." He claims to be an "incurable romantic" and recalls that he has sat through *Gone With the Wind* 35 times (which hardly qualifies him as a romantic). He gets fashion inspirations from Impressionist art and some of his dresses could be (more or less) out of a Renoir painting.

But he does not charge Renoir prices. His ready-to-wear numbers sell for less than \$90; his gowns retail for under \$200. It was these prices that first caught Mrs. Ford's thrifty eye. "My clothes budget is not large," she cautioned Capraro on his first visit. To give him some idea of her taste, she pulled from her closets "a gray thing that I've loved." "Why, that's mine," said Capraro, recognizing a skirt-and-sweater outfit trimmed with feathers that he had designed while working for De la Renta. Delighted, Mrs. Ford selected twelve outfits from Capraro's regular spring line and also asked him to create five gowns for state dinners, using fabrics that the President had brought home from Japan. "There are some clothes that look great on the runway, but you can't wear them," explains Betty Ford. "Albert's clothes are things women can

MODERN LIVING

really wear. They are practical, but they are pretty and very feminine."

A bachelor who sports what he calls a "Renaissance beard," Capraro has spent many hours with the Fords. During one White House visit, he was with the President for nearly 20 minutes as Ford approvingly fingered some dresses Capraro had brought for Mrs. Ford and Susan. Eying a halter dress with a plunging neckline for Susan, the President jokingly asked: "Don't you think that's a bit risqué?" But, says Capraro, the President never asked about prices.

Since word about Capraro's latest customer spread, business has picked up



DESIGNER CAPRARO & MODEL AT WORK IN MANHATTAN
Creator of the mysterious, sexy and feminine.

nically for his firm, Jerry Guttenberg, Ltd.* The publicity is likely to continue. After trying on dress after dress in his Manhattan showroom last month, Susan Ford whirled around and sighed "Oh, Albert. When I get married, you will design my wedding dress."

Müller the Bubble Man

Arriving at their favorite sleeping spot in Paris one chilly night last month, a group of derelicts began settling down on a sidewalk grid that spewed hot air from the Métro underground. Suddenly a figure dressed in black appeared out of the darkness and handed each of them what looked like a large plastic bag. As the bewildered bums looked on, he attached the open end of one bag to the

* Capraro is one of three partners

sidewalk air vent with small metal hooks. *Voilà!* It ballooned into a small, conical, one-man tent. Catching on quickly, the grateful men set up their individual shelters and settled down for a comfortable sleep, while Hans Walter Müller, 39, the world's leading promoter of inflatable structures, padded off into the night.

Something Magic. Müller, a slight man who habitually wears black trousers, a black sweater, a black velvet jacket and a picador's black hat, does not stop at enclosing Parisian derelicts in plastic bubbles. Among the larger bubbles he has designed and built are an inflatable theater that seats 800 people and an inflatable church that conveniently folds down to a 2-ft. by 4-ft. package after services. His passion for bubbles has also hit him where he lives: a shimmering, red-and-white candy-striped vinyl bubble house at the edge of a forest in La Ferté-Alais, 28 miles south of Paris.

German-born and a trained architect, Müller got into the bubble business almost by accident. He came to Paris in 1961 on a French government scholarship, worked for traditional architectural firms and began to experiment with light as a means of changing an environment. He soon had his own room in a light show in the Paris Museum of Modern Art, where he could be found drinking wine and talking with visitors on nights when the museum was open late. By then Müller's ideas had begun taking on a new shape; he wanted different materials on which to project his light designs. So he began concentrating

on inflatables, which are light, easy to work with, movable and cheap. Now they have taken over his life. Says Müller: "The inflatable for me is something magic—like the light, the sound, the sun, the sea."

Müller's inflatable house is indeed unique; it has 210 square meters of floor space, the ceiling rises nearly 16 ft. at its apex, and the entire structure is held up by a constant flow of air pumped through a plastic umbilical cord by a small electric motor outside. Shadows from trees and clouds dance across the walls and roof, changing shape as the afternoon sun dips toward the horizon. When Müller tires of the shifting shadows, he projects pictures of mountains, oceans and forests on the walls. In warm weather he pipes water to the roof, where it forms an enlarging puddle that depresses the vinyl and creates a natural swimming pool. (To get rid of the water, Müller simply turns up the pressure inside the bubble; the roof rises and the pool empties down the side of the house.)

Müller's inflatable also is his workshop, where he is finishing plans for a bubble aviary for a zoo, a bubble house for a neighbor (cost: about \$6,000), and was working on a bubble to fit over the helicopter on the deck of the late Aristotele Onassis' yacht. He is also negotiating with Algeria about building an entire inflatable resort town. In fact, there is nothing that Müller would not consider enclosing in a bubble to improve the human condition. "Inflatables give you a sense of self-reliance," he says. "There are no walls to hide behind."

USIA: Beginning Of the End?

Who speaks for America abroad? For more than two decades the State Department and the United States Information Agency (USIA) have shared that duty. Last week a 21-member, foundation-supported study group* headed by Frank Stanton, former vice chairman of CBS, suggested that the USIA be abolished. After 98 interviews and ten months of deliberation, all but three members of the panel decided that there was too much duplication of effort between the State and the USIA. The panel's major recommendations to Congress:

- Create a new quasi-independent Information and Cultural Affairs Agency, which would be supervised by the State Department and would combine the old cultural programs of the USIA and the State Department.

- Set up a new Office of Policy Information, headed by a Deputy Under Secretary of State, which would send out information about American foreign policy to the overseas press.

- Change the status of the USIA's broadcast division; the Voice of America would continue independent of the State Department, but the director of the Information and Cultural Affairs Agency and the Deputy Under Secretary of State for Policy Information would be members of its board of overseers, along with three private citizens. Voice journalists have complained lately that USIA, out of deference to "the U.S.-U.S.S.R." detente, has censored their stories reporting on Communist dissidents (TIME, Dec. 16). The panel recommendations were intended to insulate the Voice from future Government pressure.

The proposals have the private approval of the State Department but not of the USIA's current chief, James Keogh, who argues that the changes would "fragment" USIA activities. Congress will not discuss the recommendations until after Easter, when the Senate Foreign Relations Committee starts hearings on the USIA budget.

The Inquisitors

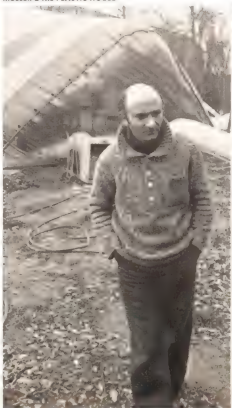
"If you're a taxpayer seeking assistance from IRS, a word of caution: IRS won't back up its own advice. Why?"

"If you think your income tax return is a confidential matter between you and IRS, you're mistaken. It isn't. Why?"

Those questions, which may be of more than passing interest to taxpayers now hastening to complete their returns,

*Including Pollster George Gallup, International Lawyer Rita Hauser, Reader's Digest Editor in Chief Hobart Lewis, former USIA Director Leonard Marks, and Author James Michener.

MÜLLER & HIS PLASTIC HOUSE



PARIS DERELICT IN INFLATABLE TENT
Mountains on the walls.

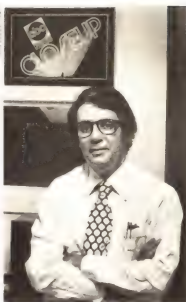
will be answered Friday (10 p.m. E.D.T.) on *IRS: A Question of Power*, this month's edition of *ABC News Closeup*. In the 18 months since *Closeup* presented its first hour-long program, the network's new documentary unit has specialized in asking—and finding answers for—some nasty questions. *Closeup* has asked why the Federal Aviation Administration has been lax in pursuing passenger safety, whether Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons arranged with the White House to have his predecessor James Hoffa barred from further union activity, why fire-safety standards in the U.S. are not higher, why major coal companies in West Virginia have not paid millions of dollars in government fines for safety violations.

Seldom Profitable. That inquisitiveness has earned *ABC News Closeup*, which does not yet have a regular time slot, 14 journalism awards as well as considerable praise. According to Marvin Barrett, director of the Alfred I. duPont—Columbia University Survey of Broadcast Journalism, *Closeup* "has been consistently courageous and the most outspoken series of TV reports since *See It Now*." Edward R. Murrow's pioneering 1950s series

ABC's swift rise in the documentary derby is part of a network strategy to fill a partial vacuum in network programming. CBS and NBC mount full-length documentaries from time to time, but not regularly. CBS' excellent *60 Minutes* generally tackles a number of subjects each week in what TV journalists call a magazine format, as does its monthly NBC counterpart *Weekend Update*.

Documentary programs are seldom profitable for the networks. *ABC News Closeup*, for instance, often appears without a sponsor, despite its respectable monthly audience of from 7 million to 20 million viewers. Yet ABC will pour \$2.4 million into *Closeup* this year, largely for its prestige value. "Every time *Closeup* wins an award or gets a good review, our lobbyists in Washington run to every Congressman they can find with the clips," says a pragmatic ABC executive. "That's so the next time a Congressman starts screaming about sex and violence on TV, we can point out that they provide the money to do all those wonderful documentaries."

Whatever the reason, *ABC News Closeup* has developed an effective style of its own. In addition to the characteristic, pithy questions that open each segment, *Closeup* generally states its objective at the beginning ("In this report we will find out why...") and restates that aim several times throughout the show. Few opportunities are missed to keep viewers from losing the thread of the narrative. Reporters typically show their hand boldly ("Next, we are going to see how..."), and *Closeup* generally



ABC NEWS CLOSEUP'S AV WESTIN / BABY-CRIB SCENE DELETED BY COURT SUIT
A documentary that finds answers for nasty questions.

uses more than one narrator to prevent the audience from being lulled by a familiar voice. Affidavits and other printed records are put directly before the camera, and viewers are encouraged to read from them along with the narrator. Says Producer Stephen Fleischman, "We're putting the documents back into documentaries."

Nor does *Closeup* avoid featuring "talking heads," those eye-glazing shots of the faces of reporters and interviewees. But these talking heads are different: jaws quiver, lips tremble, and eyebrows arch as startled bureaucrats and corporate chieftains suddenly suspect that they are being set up for the kill. Unlike other documentary units, which sometimes bring in a big-name network correspondent only at the last minute to do narration, *Closeup* has its reporters see a project through from beginning to end—a period of from three to nine months—and immerse themselves thoroughly in the subject.

The man most responsible for *Closeup*'s power and tenacity is ABC Vice President Avram Robert Westin, 45, who has been making documentaries since he joined CBS fresh out of New York University in 1949. Av (pronounced Ahv) Westin was hired by ABC in 1969 to help revamp the network's *Evening News* (the spirited away Anchor Man Harry Reasoner from CBS) and got the commission to revive ABC's moribund documentary unit in 1973. Westin acknowledges that the network's commitment may be transitory. "The business has a cyclical nature," he says. "It takes a conscious decision by man-



agement to support an aggressive news organization. For the moment, this corporation has put its money where its mouth is."

Occasionally, the corporation's commitment wavers. A segment showing a baby's crib burning lustily in a laboratory test to demonstrate unsafe materials was deleted from the *Closeup* program *Fire!* after the crib's manufacturer went to court. Some *Closeup* staffers would have preferred to defy the injunction. (The segment later appeared on ABC's *Evening News*). Westin spends much of his time with network lawyers, who are bothered by what he calls "letterhead mail"—complaints from companies and Government agencies gored by *Closeup*.

Personality Cult. Lately, ABC executives have begun developing a kind of personality cult around Westin in an effort to make him their own Fred Friendly, the former CBS News president who became a symbol of network dedication to quality journalism. Last week, for example, ABC broadcast a number of spots in which Westin, seated at a film-editing machine, asked viewers to watch the forthcoming *IRS* show. Yet Friendly's fame did not prevent him from resigning from CBS in 1966 because he thought the network's dedication to first-rate journalism was waning. (CBS had aired *I Love Lucy* reruns instead of Senate committee hearings on Viet Nam.) If ABC executives want to avoid a similar embarrassment, they will have to continue, as Westin says, to put their money where their mouth is: asking those nasty questions on *Closeup*.

Love Thy Analyst

"I fell in love with him," the pale, soft-spoken woman told a hushed Manhattan courtroom. If it sounded like the familiar tale of the innocent girl and the wily seducer, conditions were different enough to make it the juiciest trial in town: the defendant in the \$1.25 million malpractice suit is a psychiatrist, Renatus Hartogs, 66, who writes an advice column in *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The plaintiff, Julie Roy, 36, alleges that she paid for standard psychiatric help but instead got 14 months of "sex therapy" from her analytic guru.

Roy, now a \$65-a-week book clerk in a San Francisco department store, was a secretary at *Esquire* magazine in

"hundreds of letters." The therapy, she says, continued for almost another year, occasionally at his apartment. Once she received three sex treatments in one day. She says she broke off with Hartogs in September of 1970, then after three or four days begged him to take her back. He refused to give her an appointment or recommend another therapist. The following year she was involuntarily confined to psychiatric wards of Metropolitan Hospital, once for eleven days, another time for five weeks.

Hartogs testified last week that Roy was an "incurable" schizophrenic. "I never had sex with this person. Never!" he insisted. "She does not know the difference between fantasy and reality. She will never know it." He maintained that

tween 5% and 13% of American physicians have had "erotic contact," with patients, sometimes including intercourse, and that 19% believe such contact can be beneficial. According to his study, psychiatrists are less likely to sleep with patients than are obstetrician-gynecologists or general practitioners.

The problem was familiar when Freud addressed it in 1915, decreeing that "the analyst is absolutely debarred from giving way." Aware of the dangers of seductive patients in an emotionally charged therapy, Freud wrote that a love affair "would be a great triumph for the patient, but a complete overthrow for the cure." At the end of his long essay, he tossed in one final argument that still has its point: sex in therapy could help the enemies of psychoanalysis destroy the profession.

Ah, Sweet Mystery

His successful hair transplants, well-publicized jogging, and recent reconciliation with his wife seem not to have fazed Senator William Proxmire, 59. He is still the master of an underrated art form—the angry press release. Two weeks ago, he blistered the National Science Foundation for funding six dubious studies, including such timely topics as African climate in the last ice age and hitchhiking as a possible addition to the nation's transportation system.

His follow-up two days later caused more of a flap: a thunderous attack on a \$342,000 contract by the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development to study the sex lives of Michigan State College students, mostly to find out why some fail to use birth control devices. Charging a "serious mismanagement of taxpayers' funds," Proxmire pointed out that the contract was awarded noncompetitively last fall to a former official of the institute for nearly \$100,000 more than had been requested. For overkill, the Senator tossed in the argument that the students' privacy might be violated by the project. The institute substantially denied the charges.

Last week Proxmire erupted again in a press release denouncing the "bureaucratic-bungle-of-the-month": an \$84,000 National Science Foundation grant to a University of Minnesota psychologist to study romantic love. "Not even the National Science Foundation can argue that falling in love is a science," he said, adding that the subject should be left to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Irving Berlin. Said Proxmire: "I believe that 200 million other Americans want to leave some things in life a mystery, and right at the top of things we don't want to know is why a man falls in love with a woman and vice versa. Even if they could give us an answer, we wouldn't want to hear it."



JULIE ROY LEAVING COURT; RENATUS HARTOGS IN HIS MANHATTAN OFFICE (1967)
Freud called it a triumph for the patient, an overthrow for the cure.

Manhattan when she went to Hartogs in February of 1969, seeking help for depression. Her story: after a few weeks of twice-weekly talk sessions, Hartogs suggested that they have sex to erase her guilt over an earlier sexual liaison with a woman. Things progressed from holding hands across his desk to kisses on the mouth to lying together on his couch. By May she was partially undressed, and uncomfortable about "his constant reference to sex," but she was told she had to overcome her squeamishness about touching him. Roy says she was so afraid of getting hurt by the therapy that she considered jumping to her death in the Grand Canyon. Finally, after six months of foreplay, she succumbed to Hartogs, she said, and was told this "indicated progress."

In October Hartogs waived his low \$10-per-session fee, hired her as a typist and paid her \$3 a letter for typing

Roy is seeking revenge for his decision to cut off treatment. Hartogs has held a number of psychiatric posts in New York City. In 1953, as psychiatrist at Youth House, he diagnosed a disturbed 13-year-old as "potentially dangerous." The boy was Lee Harvey Oswald, and Hartogs later parlayed the brief experience into a quick book on Oswald and Jack Ruby (*The Two Assassins*, written with Freelancer Lucy Freeman). A patient later got him the job as a *Cosmopolitan* columnist.

The trial is more unusual than the charge. Some therapists argue privately that sex is legitimately useful in treatment, though it is explicitly forbidden by ethical standards of both the medical and psychoanalytic professions. A 1973 survey by Sheldon Kardener, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of California School of Medicine, indicated that somewhere be-

Orwell 25 Years Later: Future Imperfect

"Eric Blair" suits him. The crisp syllables suggest a Briton of spare style and countenance. But he despised his real name; it smacked, somehow, of Aryanism and privilege. So he cloaked his origins in a common-sounding nom de plume. His disguise became him, and at last he became his disguise. Today the world remembers him only as George Orwell, seer of the future imperfect. Neither name nor reputation is quite correct.

Now, 25 years after his death at 46, Orwell is enshrined in the language as a cliché for apocalypse. Virtually every doomsday prophecy uses "Orwellian" to describe any impingement on freedom, from imprisonment to wiretapping. Yet the word derives from Orwell's least characteristic book, *1984*.*

To remember him solely for this final volume is like recalling a life by its terminal illness. Indeed when he wrote *1984*, Orwell was in the last throes of tuberculosis. The book's pervasive slogan, "Big Brother Is Watching You"; the portmanteau words "Newspeak," "bellyfeel," "doublethink"; the inverted graffiti, "Freedom Is Slavery," "Ignorance Is Strength"—all these may be indelible. Nonetheless, if some of *1984*'s predictions have come true, most have not. If the book lives, it is

more as a warning than as prophecy.

Properly, Orwell should not be commemorated for his novels, which he hoped would be enduring, but for his journalism, which he assumed to be ephemeral. It is his fugitive pieces—letters, critiques, articles—that Critic George Steiner justly calls "a place of renewal for the moral imagination."

The writer of those pieces never wasted a line. The only thing he seemed to squander was his life. The heir to a relentlessly middle-class colonial tradition, Orwell gained a scholarship to Eton, then made a false start as a policeman in Burma. Out of that five-year catastrophe came the embittered radical who could dissect his emotions and his country with pitiless surgery.

In the classic memoir, *Shooting an Elephant*, Orwell recalls the morning a behemoth ran wild and stomped a coolie. The animal might have been saved, but the psychology of the moment demanded a kill. "Here was I," recalled the ex-official, "the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind." After the ritual sacrifice, the writer confesses, "I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to

avoid looking a fool." That is more than the bottom line of a 1936 article; it is the epitaph of the British imperial style.

Orwell was a master of exit lines. Yet it is his openings that remain in the mind: "As I write, highly civilized human beings are flying overhead, trying to kill me"; "Dickens is one of those writers who are well worth stealing"; "It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen." Where is the reader whose eye could rove from a page with those beginnings?

It was no wonder that even in the limited circulation of British "little magazines," Orwell attracted an international following—and a roster of rabid enemies. For though he thought of himself as a thoroughgoing leftist, he was in fact an enemy of all political movements. When other Etonians sought upward mobility, Orwell literally immersed himself in dirty water and coal dust to investigate the lives of the dishwasher and the miner. When his peers went up to London to seek careers, he went to Spain as a correspondent and stayed to fight against Franco's troops. When many fellow leftists sang the praises of the Cominform, he was rude enough to point out that "the thing for which the Communists were working was not to postpone the Spanish revolution till a more suitable time, but to make sure it never happened."

During World War II he called pacifists "fascists"; yet later he pleaded for clemency toward German war criminals. When half the Western world re-

*Other writers have propelled words into the public consciousness, Orwell has done so with a figure. The 1974 World Food Conference in Rome was expected to produce a ten-year projection. Instead an eleven-year study was offered, presumably to avoid the horrific overtones of *1984*.



ORWELL WITH ADOPTED SON RICHARD, CIRCA 1946



"SOME ANIMALS ARE MORE EQUAL THAN OTHERS": ANIMATED VERSION OF *ANIMAL FARM*

ferred warmly to Joseph Stalin as "Uncle Joe." Orwell in 1946 produced his Swiftian satire *Animal Farm*, with its caricature of a U.S.S.R. where leaders are pigs and their motto is "All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others."

At the time, much of this seemed sheer perversity, a quixotic desire to be history's odd man out. But the truth of Orwell's observations slowly vindicated him. The writer was first characterized as a crank, then as an apostle of common sense, and at last, in V.S. Pritchett's phrase, "as the wintry conscience of a whole generation."

Still, that generation has long since passed in review. By now, Orwell's perceptions have been duly noted, even by the obtuse. The world no longer needs English journalists to inform it of the obscenities of the Stalin years; the news comes out of Russia itself. The dangers of secrecy and invasions of privacy are piously trumpeted even in Congress. By now, Orwell should be no more than a footnote to a bad time. Instead, he is more readable and more germane than the writers who once overshadowed him.

In part, Orwell's durability is due to his central obsession. It was not politics or personalities that concerned him so much as language itself. In the '30s he saw words bent; in the '40s he chronicled the result: whole governments twisted out of shape. His best work was an attempt to restore the meaning to words, to prove that "good prose is like a window pane." "One ought to recognize," he wrote, "that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end."

For most of his professional life Orwell sought to bring about that improvement. His weapons were not formidable. As Lionel Trilling observes, Orwell's pieces excel "by reason of the very plainness of his mind, his simple ability to look at things in a downright undecieved way... he is not a genius—what a relief! What an encouragement. For he communicates to us the sense that what he has done, any one of us could do."

Therein lies Orwell's lasting power. He holds out hope that ordinary citizens may see through systems and rhetoric, may speak and write the truth to each other, and demand the truth from their leaders. It takes little skill to imagine the furious response Orwell would have provoked on both sides of the DMZ, or what he would have said about the windy self-righteousness of the U.N., or about the excesses of Peking, Moscow, Paris and Washington. The need for an Orwell is more acute now than it was a generation ago. But the tonic power of his writings is still available to anyone who has, or appreciates, an independent mind. It is not necessarily 1984 that his writings concern; it could as well be 1975.

■ Stefan Kanfer

The Summer of '28

DANDELION WINE

by RAY BRADBURY

269 pages. Knopf, \$7.95.

Burn all high school yearbooks, tell loathsome lies to old roommates who telephone after 20 years, on pain of black despair avoid sentimental journeys to childhood beer gardens, and never, never reread *Look Homeward, Angel*. But here comes Science Fiction Writer Ray Bradbury's magical boyhood novel *Dandelion Wine*, republished in a new edition after 19 years. Is its magic powerful enough to make it young again, or is its neck corded and scrawny in the collar of that new dust jacket?

Reviewers are paid to take these terrible risks and the report here, offered a little shakily, is that *Dandelion Wine* is fine and new and rare. The novel is a giddy leap into nostalgia, and maybe that is why it works as well now as it ever did.

Bradbury begins with an unbeatable bit of boyish goofiness not 500 words long. It is the summer of 1928 and twelve-year-old Douglas Spaulding wakes up in his cupola bedroom, high above his grandparents' house in "Green Town," the author's own Waukegan, Ill. The boy knows his duty: to wake the town. Silently, he commands, "Everyone yawn Everyone up." The great house stirred below "Grandpa, get your teeth from the water glass." He waited a decent interval "Grandma and Great Grandma, fry hot cakes." The warm scent of fried batter rose in the drafty hall.

"Street where all the Old People live, wake up! Miss Helen Loomis, Colonel Freeleigh, Miss Bentley! Cough, get up, take pills, move around!... The sun began to rise. He folded his arms and smiled a magician's smile. Yes, sir, he thought, everyone jumps, everyone runs when I yell. It'll be a fine season..."

Buying new sneakers, without which summer cannot begin at all. Hanging the porch swing, gathering dandelion blossoms, pressing them, adding rain water and waiting for the bubbles of fermentation. A friend leaves town. An old man dies. Grandma cooks a mighty belly-boggling, legendary dinner. Douglas gets sick and lies loony and limp. He gets well. He and his brother rocket around town, crazy with motion. He hides, quiet, in the dark bed of ferns beside the porch, listening to the drone of

grown-up voices; cigar ends glow in the dusk. His new sneakers fade, streak, scuff, and at last lose their amazing power. Pencils and notebooks appear in the dime-store window; school lurks. The porch swing is taken down. And the summer of 1928 is over.

That's all. The book is short like a summer; blink twice and it's gone. Thanks to the publisher for bringing it back. Now, let's have J.B. Pick's *The Last Valley* again. And John Graves' *Goodbye to a River* and *Journey Into Fear*. Charles Morgan's *Sparkenbroke*. Even *Look Homeward, Angel*. Riches untold, retold. Terrible risks. ■ John Skow

Preparing for Godot

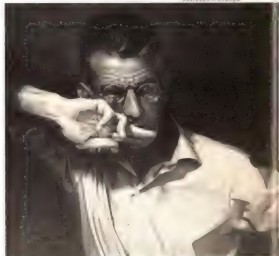
MERCIER AND CAMIER

by SAMUEL BECKETT

123 pages. Grove Press, \$6.95.

Beckett completed this terse comic novel (in French) in 1946, then shelved it, perhaps because it retained too much luggage from traditional fiction: plot,

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NOVELIST SAMUEL BECKETT

The king of the solipsists as Buster Keaton.

ambulatory characters, glimmers of recognizable settings and human haunts. In *Waiting for Godot*, which he wrote soon after, Beckett said good riddance to such trappings and began the task that has occupied him ever since: willfully writing himself into a corner where there is only room enough for the mind to contemplate itself. He is the king of solipsists.

Mercier and Camier was finally published in France in 1970, and Beckett then translated it into English. In the light of all he has written since, this early novel seems positively pastoral. Two seedy stumblebums named Mercier and Camier, forerunners of Estragon and

Vladimir in *Godot*, set out on a mysterious journey through vaguely Irish scenery. Mercier is "a big bony hank with a beard," and Camier has a "red face, scant hair, four chins, protruding paunch, bandy legs, beady pig eyes." Naturally their amblings attract attention. A policeman who sees them warns "This is a sidewalk, not a circus ring."

But not in this novel. The universe here is the biggest of all big tops. Mercier and Camier are unwilling clowns in a performance they do not understand. They are saddled with props—a reluctant umbrella, a sack, a raincoat and a bicycle—and trip helplessly into Alphonse-Gaston stage routines. They are the butt of exquisitely timed malfunctions. Their umbrella refuses to open just as the rain, "acting on behalf of the universal malignity," comes down in buckets.

To their credit, the voyagers treat their predicament with the contempt it deserves. While describing the weather to Mercier, who cannot bear to look, Camier insults it in the careful cadences of French primer prose: "A pale raw blotch has appeared in the east, the sun presumably. Happily it is intermittent thanks to a murk of tattered wrack driving from the west before its face."

Ruin and Collapse. It is axiomatic in Beckett's work that the concept of purpose is beyond comprehension. This may not be true, but if granted only for the sake of argument, everything tumbles into place. *Waiting for Godot* was after all the critical knuckle cracking, simply a play about waiting. Mercier and Camier are waiting under the illusion that they have some place to go, though they do not know where or why. They keep returning home to look for lost possessions or items they have already junked as superfluous. Along the way, pub stops and a supporting cast of fellow grotesques help to pass the time. Characteristically, Beckett's acknowledgement of free will frames the novel's anticlimax. The two men have the option of spending the night in a moldering, deserted house or falling down from exhaustion: "Now we must choose, said Mercier. Between what? said Camier. Ruin and collapse, said Mercier."

Beckett's peculiar genius is to set up such Hobson's choices while squeezing them for all the farce they will yield. His is a Buster Keaton, deadpan humor that thrives in the explaining. *Mercier and Camier* is as hilarious, in gasps, as anything he has written. The novel's coolly mannered prose disguises outrageous statements until the instant they land. There is also cruelty in Beckett's method (Mercier is comforted briefly by the sight of a dead and bleeding woman) and surprising moments of compassion. When Mercier and Camier part, they lose the small comforts of their mutual buffoonery—supporting hands and shoulders, conversational noise, animal warmth. That loss, as the book ends, is no laughing matter.

■ Paul Gray

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THE LATE HARVEY SWADOS

September Song

CELEBRATION

by HARVEY SWADOS

348 Pages. Simon & Schuster. \$8.95.

Everybody wants a piece of Uncle Sam Lumen, even though he is practically 90. The President of the U.S. is after Sam's famous name for a National Child Center. At the denim end of the political fabric, a band of radical youths known as the Children of Liberty arrogantly demand his support against the Establishment. In between, friends, disciples and devotees strive to keep old Sam buttoned to their own self-interest.

Lumen himself is an old-school radical and internationalist. He muckraked like Lincoln Steffens. During World War I he went to prison as a pacifist like Bertrand Russell, and later founded a progressive school for children. Even in his creaky 80s he flew to Biafra to organize relief for the starving.

Privately, Lumen also shared Bertie Russell's enormous sex drive. He buried two wives and outlived all his innumerable pushovers. Third Wife Jennifer, 60 years his junior, combines the odd satisfaction of caring for a living legend with the freedom of being a successful traveling photographer. Others close to the old man are a protégé, who is also a White House aide; a male secretary and talented ghostwriter reminiscent of Robert Craft; Igor Stravinsky's invaluable chronicler; and a young bearded man, who is either Lumen's grandson or his natural son. In friskier

BOOKS

days. Humanitarian Sam forced himself on his daughter-in-law, and the issue is in doubt.

Harvey Swados finished *Celebration* shortly before dying of a brain hemorrhage three years ago at the age of 52. The novel has the virtues one cherished in Swados' fiction: decency, compassion and a gentle wit. Yet the book suffers from what was always Swados' noble flaw as a novelist: a talent never quite up to the demands he put upon it.

Celebration combines all the elements that should produce readability and substance in fiction. Sam Lumen's secret diary is told in the form of mixed memories, snatches of dreams and unsentimental musing about old age. But the clash of ideas, between old and new radicals, for instance, never reaches higher than Lumen's easy parades of nihilistic rhetoric. Above all, Sam Lumen's eminence is never convincing.

The diary form of the novel sees to this. Lumen is more intent on confessing his frailties than on contemplating the ideas and works that made him famous or the changes and conditions that are about to immortalize an old radical in federal concrete. The evolution of American radicalism was apparently much on Swados' mind when he wrote *Celebration*. He was a serious man whose leftist politics and social conscience developed during the Depression '30s. Sympathetic members of his own generation and background are likely to fill in the gaps. Others may wish that Sam Lumen's secret diary will one day be discovered by that talented ghostwriter-secretary.

• R. Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, Meyer (1 last week)
- 2—Centennial, Michener (2)
- 3—Something Happened, Heller (3)
- 4—The Ebony Tower, Faulkes (5)
- 5—Lady, Tryon (4)
- 6—The Dreadful Lemon Sky, MacDonald
- 7—Black Sunday, Harris (9)
- 8—The Promise of Joy, Drury
- 9—The Understudy, Kozan (8)
- 10—Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, le Carré (10)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Bermuda Triangle, Berlitz (2)
- 2—Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders, Bugliosi with Gentry (3)
- 3—The Palace Guard, Rather & Gates (1)
- 4—Strictly Speaking, Newman (4)
- 5—All Things Bright and Beautiful, Harriot (5)
- 6—The Bankers, Mayer (6)
- 7—Here at the New Yorker, Gill (7)
- 8—The Ultra Secret, Winterbotham (9)
- 9—When I Say No, I Feel Guilty, Smith
- 10—The Ascent of Man, Branowski

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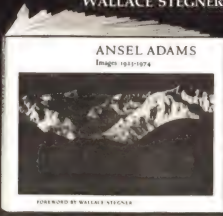
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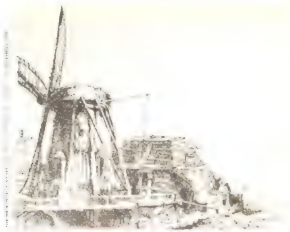
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Bit of a Drag

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW

Book, Music and Lyrics by RICHARD O'BRIEN

They are selling decadence short in this musical, but they are very bullish on silliness. *The Rocky Horror Show* is a mindless spoof of old horror movies performed to the accompaniment of a rock score in the style of the '50s.

On a stormy night in Transylvania, a young honeymooning couple, Brad (Bill Miller) and Janet (Abigale Hanes), suffer a car breakdown near a castle ruled by a bisexual drag queen named Dr. Frank 'N' Furter. In his lab, the evil doctor, leeringly played by Tim Curry, has fashioned a blond centerfold playmate, Rocky (Kim Milford), who is sort of male Frank wears torn black mesh stockings, black garters and black lipstick. Rocky is clad in something smaller than swim trunks and larger than a jock strap. He tenses his torso and biceps like an old Charles Atlas ad plugging rock muscularity.

Despite Rocky's body magic, the insatiable Frank proceeds to seduce both Janet and Brad. These indelicacies are mimed in silhouette behind a scrim. As-

sorted voyeurs and participants include a hunchbacked butler, Riff-Raff (Ritz O'Brien, stage name of Richard O'Brien) and girl slaves.

The rock music is well played, but deafening amplification makes the lyrics unintelligible. It is not easy to see why this campy trash was a long-running hit in London and a smash success in Los Angeles, except that transvestism has always fascinated the British and the L.A. scene is almost as kinky. For this show, the orchestra seats have been ripped from the floor of Broadway's Belasco Theater and small cafe tables substituted. These are jammed together without regard for comfort or pleasure. Drinks are served throughout the evening, and in the present instance, customers are advised to get as bombed as the show. ■ T.E. Kolem

And Slow to Bed

SAMETIME, NEXT YEAR

by BERNARD SLADE

The play begins in bed as dawn lights up a snug hostelry called the Sea Shadows Inn. The time is 1951 Doris (Ellen Burstyn) and George (Charles Grodin), strangers less than 24 hours ago, have taken their first jittersy plunge into adultery. He had aroused her libido the evening before by sending a steak over to her table.

Doris is a 24-year-old Roman Catholic who is accompanying a group of nuns on a retreat. George is a certified public accountant (almost a religion to him) en route to working on a friend's income tax. She seems exhilarated, though considerably perturbed, while he quivers with guilt as he pulls on his trousers. They are much too decent to sustain an illicit affair and too happily married (or so they frequently and wholeheartedly insist) even to contemplate divorce. They do agree, however, to meet "same time, next year"—same bed—sort of like an annual college reunion.

Once one accepts this arbitrary and highly implausible premise, the play sails along on a tide of felicitous gags and domestic ups and downs reported at one remove. Doris and George swap spouse stories instead of spouses. Meanwhile, over a time span of a quarter of a century, the changes in attitudes, dress and behavior that occur in Doris and George constitute a kind of nostalgic calendar of the U.S. itself. Except that it is wittier. *Same Time, Next Year* is a redo of *The Fourposter*. It is the kind of theatrical fare that fiftyish middle-class marrieds have been starved for on Broadway in recent seasons, and they are likely to queue up for tickets in avid droves.

They will certainly be fully rewarded by the performances of the two leads



RIGG & McCOWEN IN THE MISANTHROPE
In love with society's darling.

Ellen Burstyn glows with womanhood and the understanding of life that comes from having weathered life's storms. Her performance has an unstrained authority and is resonant with insight. She would make a marvelous Candida if some astute producer chose to revive the Shaw classic. Grodin is a kind of Dagwood uncharacteristically blessed with a heart and a mind. His manifest desire to do the right thing by both his absent wife and Doris contributes visibly to the felt compassion of the play. Rarely have a man and a woman on a stage mixed the honey of love and the glue of marriage so deftly that both are bonded in sweetness and surety. ■ T.E.K

Truth Serum

THE MISANTHROPE

by MOIETRE

Sincerity in society is like an iron order in a house of cards
—Somerset Maugham

This is the crux of Maugham's comedy, but he had the benign sanity, as did Maugham, to suggest that without the white lies everyone tells each day, society would be insupportable. The house of cards would crumble.

Alecste (Alec McCowen) is not a misanthrope in the sense that he hates mankind. He hates the web of social hypocrisy in which men and women entangle themselves. He hates everything that in Eliot's words is "as false as a



CURRY IN ROCKY HORROR
Sex behind a scrim.

THE THEATER

smile and the shake of a hand." His insistence on absolute candor is blind, humorless and therefore funny. He is a moral prig who thinks of himself as the only honest man alive, and he wants the world to recognize it. He tells the truth till it hurts—others. Still, he raises an important question of principle. When does hypocrisy breed corruption?

Alceste's personal dilemma is peculiarly ironic. Here is a man who has an almost physical revulsion from all that society stands for, yet he is desperately in love with a girl who is society's darling. Célimène (Diana Rigg) is a widow of 20, a teasing, witchy, worldly enchantress. She gossips maliciously, she lies, she keeps two other lovers on the string. Yet until she finally rejects him, the pu-

ritan Alceste is in tormented thrall to this pagan Liith.

In this British National Theater production, the source of Alceste's passion is made mirror-clear. Diana Rigg is a temptress of dazzling physical allure, a coquette of sportive guile, and her voice has the ring of Baccarat crystal. She is a true daughter of Eros. She could overpower many an actor, but never Alec McCowen. As a perfectionist's perfectionist, he was minted for this role. The way he cocks his head, utters a strangled cry, half raises an arm in arrested protest and drops it, lends a potent, persuasive credence to the outwardly ludicrous yet inwardly poignant image of a frustrated idealist. The pair's team play is so strong that the rest of the cast some-

times appear to be watching them without hoping to match them.

The play has been moved up three centuries to the France of De Gaulle in 1966. This does not seem to affect *The Misanthrope* one way or the other, possibly because social mores remain remarkably constant. One may demur at Adapter Tony Harrison's decision to render the entire play in rhyming couplets. While these are agile and clever, they are somewhat distracting to an ear attuned to English prose in the theater. A hint of Gilbert and Sullivan enters the playgoer's mind and lightens what should essentially be a dark comedy. Leaving that aside, the redcoats have come with another triumph to their Broadway beachhead. ■ T.E.K.

ART

Japan's Renaissance

The gray plum tree on the brownish rice paper is twisty and knuckled with age. Plum trees regenerate themselves each year, and here the new sprouts burst like porcupine quills from the bark. The brush strokes have an extraordinary intensity—not so much delicacy as martial precision: one imagines the brush slashing down and up like a sword as it described the pair of sharply angular branches that project to the left of the tree. And so it probably did, for the painter, Kaihō Yūshō (1533-1615) was the son of a warrior family, raised in a Zen monastery and reputedly a great swordsman. There could have been very little difference between the reflexes that drove the blade and those that aimed the brush.

This kind of relationship between the military and the aesthetic is almost unimaginable today: transpose it to America and you have a Pentagon lobbyist fiddling with a watercolor kit. We think of art as the product of mercan-

tile classes. Yet one of the supreme moments in Japanese culture was almost wholly a military creation.

The Momoyama period, as it is called, lasted slightly less than 50 years, from 1568 to 1615. There could be no better introduction to it than the superb exhibition presently on show at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. "Momoyama: Japanese Art in the Age of Grandeur," together with its exemplary catalogue supervised by the Met's assistant curator of Far Eastern art, Julia Meech-Pekarik. The title, puffy as it sounds, is not (for once) a piece of museological bombast. The Japanese government has cooperated to the hilt, or *tsuba*, lending many works which are inaccessible even to the Japanese: these registered National Treasures and Important Cultural Properties have never left Japan before. They include such extraordinary objects as the sliding doors that Kanō Eitoku, aged 23, decorated with a design of a crane and a tree for the Jūko-ji temple in Kyoto, circa 1566, a youthful achievement that invites comparison to the 25-year-old Masaccio's frescoes in Florence; one of the grandest specimens of calligraphic painting in Japanese history, Kōno Nobutada's *Six Principles for the Composition of Poems*; and a coarse, cracked Shigaraki water jar that is said to have belonged to no less a master than Sen no Rikyū, the man who codified the tea ceremony as a formal art and was in effect the Petronius Arbiter of Momoyama taste.

The politics and culture of this time were dominated by three exquisitely discriminating and utterly ruthless *daimyo*, or warlords, who set out to unify

the 200 squabbling fiefdoms of Japan: Oda Nobunaga and his successors, Toyotomi Hideyoshi and Tokugawa Ieyasu. Like the humanist *condottieri* of 15th century Italy, they built themselves impregnable and magnificent castles. "This room you see here," Hideyoshi would tell his guests as he gave them a tour of his seven-story castle at Osaka, "is full of gold, this one of silver; this other compartment is full of bales of silk and damask, that one with robes, while these rooms contain costly swords and weapons." It sounds like an Oriental Hearst at San Simeon, but the vast ostentation of the Momoyama warlords had a political aim: to dazzle visitors and cow supplicants. In private they practiced a cult of austerity: the essence of which lay in the tea ceremony: the rough bowl, the unpainted wooden panel, the natural stone which, in manifesting *sabi* (simplicity or emptiness), embodied the ideals of the samurai class by repeating, in the aesthetic sphere, the discipline and frugality of a warrior's life.

Fabled Cipangu. These contrasts, within its art, between the spartan coarseness of a tea receptacle and the patient refinement of a *makie* lacquer box, between the swift brushwork of an ink painting and the daunting accumulation of labor represented by the embroidery of a silk *no* costume, have always given the Momoyama period a peculiar interest to Western eyes. This half-century was the point in Japanese culture that, in its secular largesse and curiosity about the real world, most resembled the European Renaissance. Indeed, it was during the Momoyama that the West's idea of Japan was shaped, as the Portuguese reached what had been since Marco Polo's time the fabled island of Cipangu—an arrival no less deep in its implications than Commodore Perry's in Edo in 1853. The Met's show allows us to see, as never before, why our own cultural ancestors were so stricken with amazement. ■ Robert Hughes

JAPAN'S WARLORD TOYOTOMI HIDEYOSHI, CIRCA 1598



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Left: The Cezanne model SF 2569R. Right: The Daumier model SF 1750R. Simulated TV picture.

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Brand A	70%
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Brand E	56%
Brand F	51%
Brand G	49%
Brand H	47%
Brand I	45%
Other Brands	40%

Question: In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:	
Zenith	34%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	16%
Don't Know	9%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

ZENITH

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The quality goes in before the name goes on.*

CORPORATIONS

Again, Political Slush Funds

Like many other U.S. corporations, Gulf Oil, Braniff and American Airlines took some legal lumps in the aftermath of Watergate. Charged with having made illegal contributions to former President Nixon's re-election campaign, the three companies and some of their executives pleaded guilty and were forced to pay fines. Federal law prohibits corporations from making contributions to political candidates, parties and campaign organizations.

Last week the companies and several executives found themselves the targets of new charges. The accusations stemmed from the practices by which they had raised the money that got them into trouble in the Watergate case in the first place. This time the prosecutor was not the Justice Department. The Securities and Exchange Commission went after Gulf, and the Civil Aeronautics Board's bureau of enforcement filed complaints against the two airlines. These actions raised the possibility that other previously convicted firms and executives may be probed anew by federal regulatory agencies and perhaps tried on even broader charges.

Largest illegality. The new investigations have already revealed a far greater magnitude of wrongdoing than did the original Watergate trials. Initially, Gulf Oil pleaded guilty to having made gifts of \$100,000 to Nixon, \$15,000 to Arkansas Congressman Wilbur Mills and \$10,000 to Washington Senator Henry Jackson. A federal court imposed fines of \$5,000 on Gulf and \$1,000 on the company's Washington-based vice president, Claude C. Wild Jr. Now SEC investigators state that from 1960 to 1973 Gulf and Wild funneled no less than \$10 million into political activities, a "substantial portion" of which was spent illegally. Gulf appears to have been the largest illegal contributor, far surpassing second-place Phillips Petroleum, which was charged with doling out \$2.8 million.

Gulf raised the funds by shifting

company money to a subsidiary in the Bahamas, where it was supposedly spent for legitimate Gulf business. More than half the money was returned in cash to the U.S., the SEC asserts, and the rest was used abroad.

Suicide Note. In a Washington, D.C., federal court, the SEC charged Gulf and Wild with violating the agency's full-disclosure regulations. A specific complaint: the company failed to include in its proxy statements and annual reports the fact that it had "created a secret fund of corporate monies for the making of unlawful political contributions and other purposes." The SEC also charged that Gulf's balance sheets were understated because they failed to reflect the slush fund's value. Gulf signed a consent decree in which it agreed not to sin in the future. But Wild, who resigned last year after paying his fine, refused to sign the decree.

Braniff and American are caught in even more dramatic situations. One month ago, William M. Gingery, the chief of the CAB's enforcement bureau, committed suicide and left behind a mysterious note. It alluded to possible efforts within the CAB to suppress investigations into illegal political contributions by many airlines. The enforcement bureau, which acts as the CAB's prosecuting attorney, last week charged that from 1964 to 1973 American had created a slush fund of at least \$275,000. According to the bureau, American made fake entries for expenses on entertainment accounts and then diverted the proceeds to the campaign chest. American raised cash by claiming it had paid a \$100,000 fee to a Lebanese aircraft dealer in a totally fictitious transaction. Two of the American executives accused of having set up the slush fund have already left the company, notably former Chairman George Spater, who resigned after American Airlines pleaded guilty in 1973 to making illegal campaign contributions and was fined \$5,000. But six of those named in the CAB complaint



FORMER PRESIDENT NIXON
More lumps for contributors.

are still active officers, including American's senior vice president, Donald Lloyd-Jones.

According to CAB investigators, Braniff bankrolled its political fund by selling at least 3,626 airline tickets that were never registered in the company's books. The investigators said that the proceeds, estimated to be nearly \$1 million, were put into a fund to which Braniff's Chairman Harding Lawrence and President C. Edward Acker had access.

The enforcement bureau urged the CAB to investigate both airlines fully. In regard to Braniff, it asked the board to consider two questions that reflected the agency's indignation: Should the Braniff management be permitted to remain in control? Should the Government punish the airline by cutting back its routes?

The High Price of Illegal Gifts

On Feb. 11, 1974, the four outside directors of the 3M Co., including two former Cabinet members—one-time Treasury Secretary Joseph Barr and former Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson—summoned the company's president to an urgent meeting. Barr put a startling question to him:

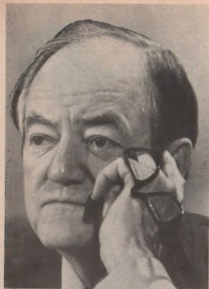
"If we ask for the resignation of your chairman, the chairman of your finance committee, the chief financial officer and possibly your general counsel, can you hold the company together?"

Raymond Herzog, the president, looked grim. "I don't think so," he replied. "Even if I could do so," he added, "it would be only with great difficulty."

Yet, except for Herzog himself, 3M's top echelon has, in fact, stepped down in scarcely one year. In February, Chairman Harry Heltzer gave up his post as

WILD OF GULF, LAWRENCE OF BRANIFF AND SPATER OF AMERICAN





SENATOR HUBERT HUMPHREY
Many recipients of money.

chief executive after paying a federal fine for engaging in unfair political campaign practices; he will not run for reelection to the board in May. Bert S. Cross, a former chairman who is head of the finance committee, has withdrawn from active management and will quit the board in May. Financial Vice President Irwin Hansen, who faces a possible prison sentence on federal tax-evasion charges, resigned last November. In one legal action after another, 3M, among other things, has been found guilty of breaking the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1971, as well as Minnesota's fair-campaign-practices law. So far 3M has paid \$8,000 in fines, while Heltzer has paid \$500 and Hansen \$3,000. The litigation continues.

The episode is all the more poignant because Heltzer, Cross and Hansen were held in highest esteem in the tightly knit and circumspect business community of Minneapolis-St. Paul. And the 3M Co., Minnesota's largest employer, prides itself on its finely developed sense of civic responsibility. Actually, 3M's travail is a classic example of the post-Watergate traumas that have plagued many U.S. companies that made illegal political campaign contributions.

The payoff system was simple. Civic Affairs Director Wilbur M. Bennett, who has not been indicted, would submit the names of likely recipients to Bert Cross, who was chief executive officer from 1963 to 1970. Cross approved each gift. Hansen kept the cash in an office safe and then gave the money to Bennett, who passed it on to the approved candidates or their emissaries. When Heltzer succeeded Cross in 1970, he carried on the practice. He was under the impression, he testified earlier, that the money came from private contributions by 3M executives. "I know I should have suspected that these were company funds," Heltzer now concedes. "But I didn't ask the question."

It seems puzzling that 3M was so

concerned about currying politicians' favor. Unlike a defense contractor or a regulated company that depends on official favors, 3M has spun its legendary Scotch tape into hugely variegated product lines (ranging from diagnostic machines to reflective material for license plates) that sell mainly to consumers and industrial customers. Yet as early as 1963, the company began to dole out illegal contributions that ultimately amounted to \$497,500. Much of the money went to local and state politicians in amounts usually no greater than \$200 or \$400. Under the impression that they were accepting private donations, Democratic Senators Hubert Humphrey and Walter Mondale and Congressman Wilbur Mills received \$1,000 each from 3M in 1972. The great bulk of the money went to Republicans. Richard Nixon got by far the largest amount—\$135,400 between 1968 and 1972.

Since a company cannot very well carry on its books an entry for illegal campaign contributions, 3M built up a slush fund by laundering money through Switzerland. For example, the St. Paul headquarters would transfer sums to a secret Swiss bank account, supposedly to pay insurance premiums for its European branches. Instead, the money was secretly transferred back to the U.S. According to federal investigators, the company also "paid" a Zurich lawyer, Dr. Ludwig Gutstein, for unrenered services. The good *Herr Doktor*, who was on a retainer from 3M, would then hand back his "fees."

On March 26, 1972, 3M sent its company jet to fetch Nixon's chief fund raiser, Maurice Stans (see THE NATION), from Washington so that he could pick up \$30,000. After the Watergate investigators began to probe into illegal contributions, 3M confessed that it had made that gift. In the fall of 1973, a federal court levied fines on 3M and Heltzer for unfair campaign practices.

Lone Nay. Soon after, Chairman Heltzer asked the company's four outside directors for advice about whether he, Cross and Hansen should be disciplined by 3M for their misdeeds. After listening to President Herzog's doubts about the outlook for holding the company together, three of the four outside

directors decided against any drastic action. By a vote of 18 to 1, the 3M board decided to punish no one and even to limit the amount of public disclosure. The lone nay was that of Pete Peterson, who felt that the situation could not—and should not—be contained.

He was correct. Soon the company was besieged by renewed legal attacks. A disaffected shareholder, Judith Bonderman, started a suit last May seeking to force Heltzer and other 3M officers to reimburse the company from their own pockets for the funds that they had diverted to campaign contributions.

To make matters even worse, Minnesota deputy sheriffs and an assistant state attorney in early January burst into 3M's headquarters on a search for evidence of campaign misdeeds. In the first cabinet that the attorney opened, he found a thick folder labeled POLITICAL CONTRIBUTION FILE. As a result, 3M pleaded guilty on Jan. 22 to five counts of violating Minnesota's campaign-practices code and paid a \$5,000 fine. Hansen was fined \$3,000.

Then the SEC filed a civil complaint against Heltzer, Hansen and Cross for falsifying company records; the men settled by signing a consent decree. A federal grand jury indicted 3M, Hansen and Cross on charges of tax fraud. That case is still pending. Unpaid taxes on the illegal contributions could cost 3M as much as \$9 million.

Family Spirit. The company has managed to surmount the bad publicity and burden of the lawsuits. "We have been wounded, but it is not fatal," insists Vice President John Verstraete. 3M, a cozy and inbred company, has not lost its prized family spirit, which some critics say led executives to place loyalty to the company above respect for the law in the campaign-fund scandals. Five men—Heltzer, Cross, Hansen, Bennett and former Chairman William McKnight—have agreed to pay the company \$475,000 to settle the Bonderman suit. McKnight offered to contribute \$300,000 of his own funds, even though he was not implicated. "These other men don't have the kind of money I do," explained McKnight, now 87, whose 3M holdings are worth about \$200 million.

IRWIN HANSEN, HARRY HELTZER AND BERT CROSS

